Spirit of the Times

FORBES
DEL. ET SC.

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 18.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Extracts from an interesting letter, dated Fairfield, Va., will find a place next week.

"A Subscriber" makes a "judy" of himself by writing from Frankfort, Ky., relative to two clever young *Trainers*. It was hard enough to inflict upon us the perusal of his misspelled anonymous rigmarole, without charging us with the postage. We have a great mind to publish the letter verbatim et literatim, and get our pay out of the writer that way. We don't believe he *is* a subscriber.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS, during the year 1835—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, THREE *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats*.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

Mr. BLAKE, the attentive and courteous Treasurer of the Park theatre, offered his name for a benefit on Wednesday last, and had a fine house, Madame AUGUSTA, Miss EMMA WHEATLEY, and ABBOTT, volunteering their services. Mrs WHEATLEY's benefit was fixed for last evening, and we trust was worthy of her universally recognised claims to the patronage of the community.

A galaxy of stars are to be seen about town. Among them Miss Clifton, Augusta, Miss Horton, Clara Fisher Maeder, Mrs. McLean, Celeste, Mrs. Sharpe, Hackett, Thorne, Abbott, Scott, Balls, Blake, the Keeleys, Harry Wallack and his wife, Barrett, Hamblin, and Bishop, are the most conspicuous.

Mr. MAEDER and lady, HAMBLIN, and GEORGE BARRETT came passengers in the packet ship President, which arrived last Saturday from London. Mrs. Maeder appears to have derived much benefit from her voyage, and is in fine health. Hamblin also is improved in health, though he still is likely to suffer from the occasional attacks of his old enemies, the asthma and "The Herald." The audience at the Bowery, noticing him in the boxes the other night, rose and gave him three cheers.

THORNE is in town drumming up recruits for his Western theatres. He has just despatched Yankee HILL to Cincinnati.

BALLS has returned from Buffalo, where he has been looking after his real estate, and earning money enough every night at the theatre to purchase "a lot" the next morning.

Mr. N. P. WILLIS has just completed a splendid tragedy in five acts, for Miss CLIFTON, who is expected to produce it next season at the Park. Miss C. proceeds to the West immediately to fulfil engagements.

The packet ship George Washington sailed for Liverpool on Tuesday last, and we agree with our friend Maj. NOAH, that a more interesting sight has seldom been presented than the embarkation of the passengers at Whitehall. "There was a large number, and among them were many individuals who have filled no small space, in various ways, in the public eye. There were the BONAPARTES, with a friend to introduce them to all comers who desired such an honor; and the crowd on board the boat and on the wharf staring at them, as if they were denizens of some menagerie, rather than the descendants of the Napoleons. There was JAMES WALLACK, with his brother, and HAMBLIN (himself just arrived from over-sea), and several of the corps dramatique bidding them adieu. There was POWER, too, about to give an account of his diplomacy here at "the court-*end* of St. James's" once more,—and surrounded, at parting, by numbers of his admirers. And there, moreover, was PERSICO, now setting out on his four years visit to Rome, where he is to complete his splendid design in marble for the eastern portico of the capitol. Besides these, there were many citizens of New York and Boston—among the latter, we observed Dr. WARNER, the distinguished physician, and his family. What materials these for a pleasant voyage," adds the companionable Major.

Mrs. GIBBS is shortly expected in town from Boston, where she has been giving a series of brilliant concerts.

BLAKE (Wm. Rufus), in company with WILLARD, late of the National, is fitting up a new theatre on Broadway, adjoining "Tattersalls." It is to be yclept the "*Olympic*"—to be conducted on the plan of that theatre in London—to be spacious and elegant—to be opened by the 15th August (if completed)—and finally, and to conclude, it is to be "a great go," they say.

It is understood that *the* WOODS will return to the Park in September. Wood has engaged TEMPLETON to play his former characters with Mrs. W., so that by this *ruse* all obstacles are overcome that prevented our listening once more to the queen of song. The Editors of *The Times* asks significantly,

"Are we to hear her, and enjoy exquisite music during the year, or does private malice exist, which will invoke mob agency to deprive the public of that pleasure? Let us have the question settled now. Our people wish to hear Mrs. Wood; she is willing to gratify them; and they shall be gratified. But will her late persecutors allow it to be done peacefully? It is impossible to think so ill of their feelings or their taste as to consider this a really doubtful question; but it will relieve them of much odium, and the public of much anxiety and speculation, if it be decided at once, and definitely. So, let us talk it over now. Will the *Courier* give us its opinions about it?—those of the *Star*, and some others, we know."

It is currently reported, and as promptly denied, that HAMBLIN is to resume the management of the Bowery. The houses there of late have been very say.

There are no less than six ladies in town preparing for their respective "first appearances upon any stage." One "grass widow" is to make her debut as "Mrs. Haller"—a second as "Bianca," and a young married lady, the prettiest of the whole string, is to witch the town with "Capulet's fair daughter." The rest are "leather and prunella."

Capt. MARRYAT is writing a nautical drama for JOHN R. SCOTT, that this clever fellow and capital actor will produce next September, on his return from the West.

EDWIN FORREST.—The life of this gentleman by one who has known him long and intimately from his infancy, and who is perfectly competent to do him and the public justice, is now in the press, and will shortly be published. Mr. LEGGETT, we need hardly say, is the gentleman alluded to.

Paganini, it seems, is not quite so near our shores as was anticipated. He writes that he has been seriously ill, but trusts to sail from Havre during the month of June.

Celeste opens at the Bowery next Monday. Mrs. FLYNN's benefit Thursday night, we presume, was an immense affair, as everybody said it was to be.

ELLEN TREE is at the Arch-street theatre, Philadelphia. BURTON ditto. Wemyss has opened the Walnut-street house for a summer season.

The Tremont and National, at Boston, are closed. Pelby's company have taken themselves off, bag and baggage, down East to Bangor, where J. S. Jones is carrying on the war.

Mrs. RICHARDSON is the bright particular star of the Baltimore theatre.

"Old Sol." SMITH closed the Mobile theatre with his benefit on the 30th May. His company is at St. Louis with LUDLOW ere this, and we trust to enjoy that of "the old crittur" himself, shortly.

CALDWELL has made "a heap" this season at the St. Charles, New Orleans. Russell's house has not done so good a business as usual.

FORBES is starring, managing, and enjoying himself at Albany.

PARSONS and the BARNES are playing at Louisville, where the former owns one of the prettiest establishments in the city.

COOKE's Equestrian company is at the Lion theatre, Boston, where it will remain, we hope.

PLUMER, one of the best vocalists in the country, leaves town directly for the West, where he has several flattering engagements. They have never heard his superior west of the mountains.

Mr. Forrest.—The Commercial Advertiser says, that the 24th of May was the day appointed for Mr. Forrest's marriage with Miss Sinclair. Mr. F. was one of the favored few admitted to a standing place on the scaffold, at the execution of the murderer Greenacre.

TAGLIONI'S FAREWELL.—Taglioni had her farewell benefit at the Academy in Paris, on Saturday. Never in France was there a more brilliant spectacle than the theatre presented. For the first time ladies figured in the pit, which was laid out in stalls at a British pound each. The performances commenced at half-past seven, to an overflowing house. At a few minutes past eight the Queen, Princesses, and Princes, (except the Duke of Orleans) arrived, and remained until the close of the performance at half-past one. The principal piece performed was *La Sylphide*. A painful occurrence took place in that scene in which numerous sylphs ascend and hover over the stage. Two of the ropes by which as many of those figurantes were sustained gave way, and they fell from a considerable height. Fortunately the accident was productive of no serious injury to the young ladies, and the performance proceeded to the end. At the closing scene Taglioni was literally overwhelmed with flowers, bouquets, crowns, and garlands. Nourrit has been replaced. Bell's Life in London, 30th April.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Taglioni appeared on Monday night (May 8th) in *La Sylphide*, a ballet made for her, and made by her, for it scarcely seems the same piece when the part of the heroine is sustained by any other dancer. At this time of day, and after she has displayed her exquisite skill for some ten years in London, always with increasing reputation, it is hardly necessary for us to say anything in her praise. As an *artiste*, Taglioni is all that she used to be, but she has somewhat declined in personal beauty; her face has all its former innocence and simplicity of expression, but she is evidently thinner, and although it does not detract from her gracefulness, it somewhat lessens the charm of her general appearance. There is one characteristic in Taglioni's dancing peculiar to herself—we mean that it is full of sentiment and delicacy of expression, with a power of eloquence, we might almost say, superior to language. All this, and much more than we can describe, still remains to her. She was received with great applause, went through her task to the frequently expressed delight of the whole house (which, however, was not filled until half-price), was *encored* in her *pas de deux* with her brother; and, finally, was vehemently called for at the end of the performance. She seemed fatigued towards the close, and probably has not yet quite recovered from her late indisposition and confinement. Paul Taglioni, her brother, and his wife, are good dancers, particularly the former, who is both graceful and vigorous, and introduced several new steps, which the audience appreciated and rewarded.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—A new farce, called *Jack Brag*, founded on Mr. Hook's novel of the same name, was produced on Thursday night at this theatre. Harley announced the piece for repetition amid loud and continued applause.

Madame Pasta visited the King's Theatre on Saturday evening to witness the performance of Othello. She bestowed great attention upon Grisi as Desdemona, and frequently applauded her. At the close of the opera Grisi went up to Pasta's box, and sat with her during the remainder of the evening. Bell's Life, 14th May.

Madame Schroeder Devrient was among the passengers in the packet from Hamburgh, which arrived off the Custom-house yesterday. Ib.

To-morrow night Ducrow produces a magnificent spectacle, in the style of the *Jewess*, founded on Mr. Ainsworth's romance of *Crichton*.

The forthcoming private theatricals at Bridgewater House will be, it is said, under the direction of the deputy licenser, (Mr. Kemble); and his accomplished daughters, Mrs. Butler and Miss Adelaide Kemble, will be included in the *dramatis personæ*. Sunday Times.

Adelphi Theatre.—Jim Crow Rice has made his last jump upon the boards of this theatre, being about to fill engagements at Dublin and Edinburgh, previous to his departure for America. His song which was honored with its accustomed compliment of three *encores*, alluded principally to this topic, including at the same time grateful acknowledgments of the kindness he had received in London. Not only has he received the countenance and support of the nobility, in whose amusements he will be remembered as the originator of a favorite set of quadrilles; but he has been the subject of imitation at *all* the theatres, and it may be added in every street of the metropolis. The proprietors of the Adelphi have presented him with a handsome snuff box; whilst a club in compliment to him, called "The Crows," have tendered him a splendid silver pitcher. He has also taken unto himself a wife, the daughter of Mr. Gladstanes, one of the proprietors of the Adelphi.

A desperate fight took place in New Orleans on the 1st inst. It was between a Frenchman and a musquitoe. The battle was a drawn one—the Frenchman throwing a pillow at the blood-thirsty ruffian, which was caught and *sent back!*

PERFECT IDENTITY.—Mazurier, it is said, after a long and patient attendance upon the monkeys domiciled in the Jardin du Roi, sewed up in skins, and with a face painted and made up in a concatenation accordingly, raised at last the benevolence of a tender-hearted one to such a pitch that it offered him a bit of the apple it was eating, and drew from him that rapturous exclamation pregnant with the consciousness of his apparent identity with the monkey character, *Enfin, enfin, je suis singe!*

"I wonder that you will smoke cigars," said an elderly maid to a clergyman, "for I believe tobacco and rum generally go together." "I wonder how you dare to be a woman," replied Surplice, "since women and men generally go together."

A gentleman, who arrived on board one of the hundreds of steamboats that come to our city, yesterday asked a negro whom he saw upon the Levee if he knew where Bishop's Hotel was?—"Lord, massa," said the nig, "I wish I had as many dollars *as I knows where dat is.*"—"Then take my trunk," said the stranger, "and I'll follow you." N. O. Picayune.

Mr. Hood, in one of his late humorous productions, states that the phrase, "republic of letters," was hit upon "to insinuate that, taking the whole lot of authors together, they have not got a sovereign amongst them."

The Chicago Democrat thus ingeniously describes a *character* in refusing to say anything about him:—

"We are requested to advertise James Smith, a notorious fop, black-leg, and horse-thief, gratis, which we cannot do. Said Smith carries a dirk and pistols, abounds in ruffles and jewelry, and has considerable gallantry, and is remarkably popular among the ladies. He knows considerable and tells more than he knows—is very liberal with sixpences and hooks every thing valuable. He stole a very handsome and highly valued horse, at Lafayette, Indiana, and is now on a visit *to his friends* in Chicago. Lafayette folks will give $50 for him, cash up, and when they pay us we will advertise him."

The Boston Morning Post says the Sea Serpent is fanning the people of Bristol, R. I., with his tail.

The *Flushing Pavilion* was opened on Friday, by Mr. IRA BLAKE, with a splendid dinner, and Capt. RIPLEY opened the *Hamilton House* at Fort Hamilton, on the 6th, with the same. Not having been fortunate enough to attend either, we cannot speak of them in other than general terms of praise, which our friends assure us they well deserve.

The *Union Riflemen*, commanded by Capt. S. S. PARKER, paraded on the 15th, and presented a very superb appearance. A contemporary remarks that the company are very skilful in the use of their rifles, and that one of them can toss a silver dollar in the air, and before it reaches the ground, shoot the ten per cent premium from it.

Game—Birds.—We extract the following from the Connecticut Herald, as applicable to the whole country. We have seen *quails* in our market in May; a thing which should be punishable with solitary confinement. Birds are one of the consolations of human life. They are beautiful, innocent, and harmonious, and should not be killed except to serve a useful purpose. To shoot them in the *Spring* when they are preparing nests for their young, is to destroy their race.

"*Game.*—The first birds of Spring are a doomed race. Partridges, robins, woodcock, and all the beautiful plumaged and singing birds have been presented in our market for several weeks past, and, shame to say, have found purchasers. If any body gets *poisoned* by them it is no fault of ours, and if they don't, it will not be because they do not deserve it. We have offered abundant warning and advice on the subject, but still we see college boys and boys out of college, idle apprentices, and stout strapping workies, perambulating our woods and fields, with a tiny fowling piece or a long king's arm, showing their prowess by doing battle against nature and humanity. Those that encourage them are no better than they. We saw, yesterday, two *working men* out of employ, each with a military musket and a *blue bird*. Such men "ought to break." The country boys use *snares*. Their parents ought to punish them. The larger game is almost extinct, and the smaller is following their destiny. To prevent it every man should raise his voice in their behalf."

Literary.—We learn from the Commercial Herald, that Mr. C. H. Alexander has issued proposals for a new Magazine, to be commenced on the first of July, under the title of 'The Gentleman's Magazine.' W. E. Burton, of the Arch street Theatre, Editor.

A young gentleman of the name of Moore, at Natchez, says the Grand Gulf Advertiser, complained to a charming girl that "she never wanted more than one beau." To which she replied with characteristic *naivete*, "that she had no particular objection to accept of *one* Moore."

ORIGINAL FOREIGN MISCELLANIES.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Among the recent English inventions, we notice one of a portfolio capote bonnet for ladies. It is a sort of pocket affair, which a lady may use in travelling, without the incumbrance of a band-box.

Mr. Booth, the author of the treatise on Brewing, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, has discovered an infallible method of preventing acidity in malt liquors.

Some of Russell's songs are becoming very popular in London.

The remainder of the stock of East India Sherry, which was shipped to St. Helena for the use of Napoleon, by the British Government, has been sold from the King's warehouse at handsome prices. The fact that it was a favorite wine of the Emperor's gave it unusual value.

The last novelty in the way of eating, is a preparation of food called a "concentrated luncheon," styled by the inventors, a "delicious extemporaneous repast."

Brussels carpets may be bought by the quantity in High Holborn, London, for fifty cents a-yard.

Madame Vestris has had a flare-up with her brother-in-law, Mr. Anderson. The lady advertised Mr. A. for some transactions in relation to money, and is an applicant for the benefit of the Insolvent Act. Mr. A. replies in a card, that he has for some time been the drawer of bills on her and Lord Edward Thynne, which could not have been negociated except through his means, and without which she could not have sustained herself in her theatrical or private career. He promises a full exposure before the Commissioners of Bankruptcy, under oath.

The present Queen of England has the consumption. Her life is very uncertain, and it turns out that she has been suffering with the disorder some time. Should she die, and King William marry again, some things might occur to disturb the *present* line of succession.

A daughter of an English Baronet, Sir Coutts Trotter, recently went over to Paris, with a large wedding party, for the purpose of celebrating her nuptials with a French Viscount La Rochefaucauld. But the marriage portion of the lady not equalling the expectations of the groom, *he backed out*, and the "Englishers" had to *trot* home again.

A Madame Albertazzi has appeared at the King's Theatre, and is said to be quite equal to Malibran.

The Colonel of the 7th Legion of the French National Guards, M. De Voisin, recently took an affecting leave of his comrades in arms in general orders. The reasons were stated very fully; and what do our readers imagine induced the gallant officer to forsake his colors and his brethren in arms? He is the husband of Taglioni, and is about attending her to London and St. Petersburgh, where she has lucrative engagements.

The London papers contain an advertisement inquiring for Mr. Wm. Mashel, who travelled in Egypt in 1835, and witnessed the will of John Lowell, of Boston.

The effect of the U. S. Bank post notes upon the English money market is wonderful. These securities are sought after with avidity by English capitalists, and have already knocked down English stocks in a very unexpected manner. Mr. Biddle is the theme of universal praise in London, for his financial address.

The Director of the Royal German Spa has recently been engaged in analysing our Saratoga Congress Water. Besides iodine, it is alleged by him to contain bromine. This substance is of a most peculiar character. One drop of it let fall on the beak of a bird produces instantaneous death.

Those English Tourists who delight in showing up our country a la Trolloppe, had better read the account of a public execution which recently took place in Gloucestershire. The hangman danced on the platform, boxed the ears of the culprit after he was dead, and used as many insulting phrases to the lifeless corpse as an Arab. Women calling themselves decent, ascended the scaffold, and passed its hand over their wens and warts in order to cure them!!!

A Club has been established in London by twenty theatrical people, in honor of Mr. Rice, the American actor, which bears the name of the "Crow Club."

PRACTICAL JOKES.

Of the frequent serious effects of practical jokes much has been said; and in a recently published book (which, for modesty's sake on the part of the inditer of this sketch, shall be nameless) the pranks and absurdities of one of what the Chinese would call first-chop performers in that line have been somewhat at length exposed. Mr. Daly, however, escaped without doing any very serious mischief to anybody but himself; and so the retribution was satisfactory, and the fool's bolt once shot the fool himself was obliged to bolt at last.

Different was the fate of Mr. Stephen Satterthwaite, of whom it becomes a duty imperative on me to write. I say imperative, because I consider myself in the situation of a farmer who adorns his barn-door with the remains of all the vermin destroyed in the course of the season not only as proof of his own vigilance, but as a warning to others of the same tribes to abstain from habits and practices not only destructive to the peace and property of others, but to their own comfort and safety.

Satterthwaite—I knew him well and long—was a short stout fellow, with bristly hair, a reddish nose, and a round body stuck upon short legs—a sort of fellow who would pull your chair from under you just as you were going to sit down; slap-bang-whack you come, with your head right against a steel-fender or a marble chimney-piece—what fun—something to laugh at. He would pick your pocket of your handkerchief just as he saw you, with a severe cold in your head, going to blow your nose—what fun. In fact, he was one of those irritating monsters who, having perpetrated the most abominable solecism, either touching yourself or somebody else, says—what fun—something to laugh at.

One of Satterthwaite's best jokes was tying a bit of meat very securely to the bell-handles which dangle outside the gates of certain suburban villas—sweet retirements of snug citizens—the result of which operation was, that every hungry dog who chanced to pass that way, instinctively, reasonably almost, but naturally certainly, began to grabble at the tempting morsel, which he vainly attempted to detach; the inevitable consequence of which attempt was the violent ringing of the bell—out come the servants candle in hand, look all around—hear nothing, see nothing, shut the gate and go in. The next doggy who comes trotting along, and who has not happened to dine well, has another touch at the meat, away goes the bell again, out comes the servants as before, and as before go in. And thus ten times in the night the family within continue to be alarmed beyond measure at what appears a systematic attack upon Hawthorn Cottage or Eglantine Lodge, the master of which is a decided hypochondriac, and the mistress expecting to be confined every half hour.

The old hacknied trick of changing the signs of inns was a great favorite with Satterthwaite; but he refined upon the old system of removing the whole of a show-board. He showed his ingenuity in making a sort of cross-reading in his playfulness. For instance, he broke off half the sign-board of a hair-dresser at Dorchester, and stuck it under the existing board of a man who let flies and glass-coaches, and the combination produced this—"Robert Dickenson. Glass-coaches and Flies to Let by the Day or Hour, as well as Ladies Fronts and Toupees." While at Abergavenny he distinguished himself by super-adding to the sign-board of "Mr. Hickstrop, Surgeon," that which he had broken away from a poor woman's cottage hard by, which gave the addition of "Mangling Done Here."

Satterthwaite was a sort of Sylvanus Urban, equally active in town or country, He had the felicitous skill, not exclusively his own, of bringing chopped horse-hair into the service, which well strewed, and sprinkled with a little salt, between the sheets of his intimate friend, drove him out of bed half mad in half an hour; and he was perfect in the art of boring a hole through a wainscot, and carrying a string through it, which was tied to the bed-clothes of the respectable gentleman sleeping in the next room—as soon as the victim proclaims himself fast asleep by that most ungenteel of noises, snoring, Satterthwaite gives a twitch of his packthread, and off go quilt, sheet, and blankets; the sufferer, surprised, jumps out to catch the vanishing covering, the sudden departure of which is to him unaccountable; he collects his comforts again, wonders how it could have happened, rolls himself up most carefully, and again falls asleep—that moment Satterthwaite gently withdraws all the clothes once more, and the poor man, not disturbed upon the second occasion, sleeps on till he is nearly frozen to death—for Stephen never performs this experiment except in the depth of winter; and when in the morning the patient eventually awakes, half perished with pains in his limbs and rheumatism in his head, he is agreeably surprised with Satterthwaite's voice from the next room, exclaiming, "I say, is not that fun?"

Once Satterthwaite successfully played off Smollett's old trick; and having fallen in with a simpleton who was quacking under the Homœopathic sages, and who lived by rule, he got away his trowsers and waistcoat after he had gone to bed, and by dint of his own dexterity, sewed them up in such a manner as to decrease their capacity nearly one half without externally betraying the alteration. Of course they were replaced while his patient was asleep.

"In the morning he was the first to call his "dear friend" to go out shooting—fine day—birds plenty—everybody happy—everything gay. The unfortunate invalid, who lived in constant fear of dropsy, endeavored to obey his amiable friend's summons; but his attempts to dress himself were wholly unavailing. In the innocence of his heart, and the entirety of his confidence, he mentions this appalling circumstance to his dear friend Satterthwaite.

"By Jove," says this agreeable acquaintance, "what can have happened?—My dear friend, how you are swelled!"

"Me!" cried the other—"this is dreadful—do you think—eh?"

"I don't know," says Stephen; "but I cannot be deceived—come down—try and button on the things as well as you can—come down—send for the doctor—upon my honor, I believe it is a violent accession of ascites; but I never saw a case of dropsy so sudden before."

The invalid is absolutely terrified at the appearance which he had so long and sensitively dreaded. He goes down stairs, communicates his apprehensions to the other friends who are waiting breakfast; a man is ordered to be dispatched for the doctor, when Satterthwaite bursts into a fit of laughter, and cries—

"It's all me—it's my joke—is not that fun?"

Whether the Homœopathic patient died of the alarm so produced, or of the advantages of the system to which he adhered, I know not; that he resteth now in Chesterfield churchyard is most true.

Amongst other things Stephen thought proper to do in the same line, was a trick he played upon a Major O'Callaghan, a fine portly Irishman, with shoulders as broad as his humor, and a sword as sharp as his wit, and who was looked upon as a fire-eater, to whom the slightest contradiction would have been death to the offender. Him the facetious Satterthwaite contrived to put into the most ridiculous situation, and one which proved that, however brave he might be as regarded his fellow creatures, he was, under certain circumstances, as great a coward as his neighbors.

One night, the Major, after having recounted various wonderful stories about himself, in which tiger-killing and snake-scotching formed very remarkable features, he—as, indeed, some of us had wished him to do some time before—retired to bed. He, unlike the wretched victim of salt and horse-hair, sank into a slumber—probably not over gentle; but just as he was beginning to dream of something particularly agreeable, he put his hand out of the bed and felt something extremely cold and clammy; he raised up the bed-clothes with his foot—it was something long and round; he stretched out his hand still further, and found it was a huge snake coiled upon the counterpane. Out jumps the Major, crying for help and for mercy—because killing a snake in the daylight, and finding one by way of bed-fellow at night, are totally different matters. The moment this occurred, Satterthwaite rushed out of his room, crying, "What fun—here's a joke!" The son of Mars had been thus terrified by an eel-skin stuffed with wet bran.

The Major, however, did not think the joke quite so good as Mr. Stephen Satterthwaite did, and the first motion he made upon the announcement of its author, was to break that respectable gentleman's head—what happened? Stephen saluted him with the whole contents of a water-jug which was on a stand in the corner of the room, and made his escape, crying, "More fun—nothing like fun!" And when O'Callaghan, whose rage, like other fires, was rather fed than depressed by the application of a small quantity of the opposing element, declared his intention of treating the affair seriously in the morning, the master of the house pacified him entirely by telling him that Satterthwaite was a privileged person, one of the most agreeable companions in the world, and without whom it was perfectly impossible to exist, especially in a country house.

To me one of these fellows is extremely like what I once heard a countryman say at Headington (I wonder where Susan Wells is now?) of just such a bore in humble life. "Sir, he's for all the world like a dog at a game of nine-pins; the moment he sees the ball run, in he goes, upsets this, knocks down that, till all the pins, king and all, though he be as big as the one the parson seed at Spithead, are tipped over topsey-turvey, and the whole tote of the business is bothered." These people expose you alike to your best friends and your bitterest enemies, which to them is equally good sport; and what makes the matter worse, they always contrive, by some means or other, to make you an accomplice in their performances without either your privity, knowledge, or consent.

Among people of this sort there is nothing at which they will stop. When Satterthwaite was at school, there was a wheelright's shop which overhung a valley where bricks were made; his delight was to turn the wheels which were left outside the shed at night straight up on their tires and let them go; away they rolled, and reeled like drunken men, and equally unconscious of the mischief they were doing, rolled and reeled over all the still of soft bricks which were ranged in rows to harden. Stephen also rejoiced in tying hackney-coaches to fruit-woman's barrow's unperceived by the parties most particularly interested, and then calling "Coach."

"He lisped in numbers, and the numbers came."

The anxious Jarvey rode up with an Irish tail at his heels, very little coveted or expected, and which at no time can be very agreeable to a man with the reins in his hand. Another jest was knocking up an accoucheur in Russell-street, Bloomsbury, to visit, in a case of emergency, a spinster of sixty in James-street, Buckingham-gate, leaving the said accoucheur to pay the coach-hire there and back. A third was despatching an attorney of Marylebone, at twelve o'clock at night, to make the will of a client at Cripplegate, whom, when he got there, he found as well as ever, and just gone to bed from a comfortable supper with a party of friends, for which the said attorney at law was just ten minutes too late. One night he rang the bell of a respectable poulterer in Piccadilly, to ask if the Bishop of Norwich was at home; and on another, roused the respectable family of a calculating carpenter in Clerkenwell, to know whether he could say five words to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But Stephen transcended all these minor achievements—he invented schemes which have gained and left him a prodigious reputation. The only thing which in my mind had anything like ingenuity in it, he played off in a country-house where I was staying with a large party. And where, except perhaps in a ship on a long voyage, where do people know so much of each other as in a dear, great, rambling country-house? There the tempers and dispositions of the assembled group develop themselves freely and naturally; all the struggles which are made in London society are attempted under the same roof in vain; restraint seems thrown off, and *that* which is, however intelligible to English men and women, a sealed book to foreigners, is the delightful homeliness of feeling in an English country house.

Amongst our party was Stephen; and amongst the party Stephen had discovered a lady of some forty years of age, perhaps more, who, strange to say, preferred, to his jolly rubicund countenance, the placid charms of what is conventionally termed "a quiet gentlemanly man," a nice person, pale, and delicate, who never looks hot, and never says anything. Stephen marked this elegant nonentity for his special vengeance, and having first led on the unfortunate lady to admit her admiration of his person and his sentiment—a word which ladies turned of forty are extremely fond of using—he, in the course of events retired to rest.

About half an hour after we were all—at least, I speak for myself—in bed, loud cries of fire rang through the house; everybody jumped up, and men and women, half dressed, or rather half re-dressed, rushed down the staircase, candlestick in hand, as if lights were necessary to find the fire, into the drawing-room, where we found Satterthwaite stretched out in an arm chair. Seeing him dressed and apparently collected, everybody inquired of him what he knew of the cry of fire, and what had really happened? To these questions he made answer none; but, rising from his seat, proceeded to take the young quiet gentlemanly man by the hand, and advancing with him in the most serious and solemn manner to the lady before mentioned, he said, in a tone of the most perfect gravity, "Permit me, Madam, to present you the soul of sentiment in a white cotton night-cap." I admit that we all burst out laughing. The lady has never forgiven Stephen, nor the white cotton night-cap.

He was staying at Beaconsfield—a town now made classical by its vicinage—and passed for a very steady sort of person; but, unfortunately, opposite to the inn at which he had taken up his quarters—and he was stopping there only to carry on some greater practical joke—opposite to the inn there lived a man and his wife in a small house which they solely occupied, but kept no servant; it stood in a sort of row, and nobody was more respectable than this ancient pair. If they had a failing, they had but one—but *that* Stephen unfortunately discovered.

On certain days this patriarchal pair used to go on a visit to their son and his family, at their farm-house some three miles "down the road," where the filial hospitality was largely displayed—their welcome was warm—their cheer good—and, (if truth must be told, it must), when they came home at night, the distance they had to walk was not so much in length and as breadth, and when they reached their Lares and Penates upon these occasions it was generally past midnight.

One fatal night they came home—as usual, singing a sort of "John Anderson my Jo, love" kind of duet; for although, as a punster would say, Timmins had never played a base part as a husband, he was extremely fond of singing one when he was a little elevated—they reached the door of their house—at least, so they thought—for they mechanically measured ten steps from their neighbor's door, which they were sufficiently sensible to know brought them to their own.—Old Mr. Timmins fumbled in his pocket for the key and found it; he then proceeded to fumble for the lock, but he coult *not* find it.

"My dear Mrs. T.," said the poor man, "somebody has run away with the keyhole."

"My dear Mr. T.," replied his better and bigger half, "you have drank too much ale. Who should steal a key-hole? I tell you, Mr. Timmins, you are not near the door. You are right agin the wall."

"Why, do you know, Mrs. T., that's true," said the husband; but I thought I had gone far enough to find our door, because I saw number four here on the left, and number six here on the right; so, in course, I naturally thought ours, which is number five, must be between—don't you see, Mrs. T."

The worthy old man then proceeded again to reconnoitre number six—then number four—but still there was nothing but wall—in fact, there was no number five. The poor old people thought themselves suddenly demented, or, to tell the truth, began to believe that they were excessively drunk, indeed, a belief which induced them to bear all the evils and inconveniences of their situation rather than alarm their neighbors; and there they stood pottering about, poor old Timmins, with his key in his hand poking against the wall, hunting still for a key-hole. At length, since necessity has no law, they resolved to call for assistance, a call which was promptly obeyed, and their neighbors rallied round them with lights and lanterns to ascertain the real cause of their discomfiture; when, lo and behold! it appeared that after dusk the frame of the door had been removed, and the door-way had been regularly, newly, and completely built up with brick-work, at (as it appeared) the expense of my friend Stephen, who, as soon as the real truth was discovered, shouted from his window, where he was attended by two or three friends to see the result—"What—here's a joke!—eh, isn't that fun?"

For this frolic Master Stephen was made to pay pretty handsomely; and if his uncle had not been a person of some consideration in Buckinghamshire, it would have gone very hard with him. Yet, no sooner was he out of this scrape, before he contrived to play a trick upon an old lady of the highest respectability, who was returning in a sedan-chair from a tea and toast party. in Henley, on a tremendous wet night, when he managed to deluge her completely, by officiating as one of the chairmen, well disguised, and throwing open the top of the vehicle immediately under a leaden gutter, which was pouring forth most copious streams of the falling element. In this position he left her, taking to his heels as hard as he could, while his "partner," the other chairman, not being able to lift his load singly, ran after him, to catch him, and the fair dowager, equally incompetent to shut herself in, was drenched through and through before any aid could be procured.

Well, for ten years, I had known Satterthwaite, and I honestly confess I lived in perpetual fear of him.—As has often been justly remarked—the mind, the temper, the disposition of man, vary so greatly with events, the weather, constitutional disposition, and a thousand other things, that nothing can be more dangerous—perhaps unsafe is a better word—than a practical joker;—besides which I cannot endure a man who is always happy—always boisterously mirthful—with a sort of self-satisfied grin upon his countenance, and a cracked trumpet-like voice of self-gratulation, perpetually sounding in one's ears. Let a man be happy—let him be rich—let him be perfectly independent of the world; but do not let us see a great jolly fellow shaking his sides, and chuckling at nothing but his own consciousness that nothing can happen to affect his own comforts or interests till he dies. Satterthwaite was one of these insensible animals; nothing could move his tenderness or pity. He lived to joke—and joke he did to some purpose, as we shall see in the sequel.

I was just on the point of quitting the house where we had been staying, where the scene of the cotton night-cap had been so effectively performed, when two or three of us were invited by a friend who, for evident reasons, must be nameless, to have a day's shooting at his place, about twelve miles off. I very gladly accepted the invitation, although the pleasure I anticipated was in no small degree clouded, by finding that Satterthwaite was to be of the party. A practical joker, with a gun in his hand, is not the most agreeable companion in a *battue*; however, I had said I would go, and go I did.

At the moment we arrived at our friend's house, he had just finished a letter, which he sealed and directed, and laid upon the chimney-piece. Satterthwaite, always meddling and curious, read the address.

So you have been writing to your old friend Mrs H.?" said Stephen.

"Yes," replied G., "I have been long enough acquainted in that family to make free, and have written, to say, that as we shall be near her house at the end of our day's shooting, I venture to expect her to give us some dinner. As we shall be fifteen in party, I thought it was as well to let her know of our intentions, or else we might come off with short commons."

G. rang the bell for his servant, and dispatched the letter. Satterthwaite, unperceived, followed the man out of the room—at least unperceived I can scarcely say, for I saw him go out, but thought nothing of it. While we were out shooting, Satterthwaite and I got together on one side of a cover, while the rest of the party were beating the other.

"We shall have some fun to-night," said Stephen, with one of his senseless chuckles—"such fun!"

"What's in the wind now?" said I.

"I gave G.'s man a sovereign not to take the letter you saw him send to our fair friend," said he.

"That was rather incautious," replied I; "for the chances are we shall get no dinner."

"Never mind; anything for a joke," replied Stephen. "I have told the fellow to carry it to the fair lady's husband; he is at this moment nailed to the bench in the town hall, as chairman of the quarter sessions; and the idea that fifteen hungry sportsmen are to be fed and *feted* at his house in the evening will drive him half mad; he is as stingy as old Elwes himself; and the very notion of our attack upon his cellar and farm-yard will throw him into such a rage, that the chances are, he will hurry over his business, confound the guilty with the innocent, and play the very deuce in his court, in order to get home in time to stop the plunder."

"This," said I, "does not seem a very amiable proceeding."

"Capital joke, rely upon it," said he; "it tells two ways; for, when the company do arrive at his house, his lady will have nothing ready to give them, and then they will be starved after the day's work."

"Yes," said I; "but considering that I, and not only I, but you, yourself, are to be victimized with the rest, it does not strike me to be so comical as you seem to imagine."

"Mum," said Satterthwaite; "not quite so silly as that. You see that boy beating, with a bag on his back; in that bag is one of our friend G.'s cold roast fowls, one of his best loaves, and a bottle of his best claret; abstracted and packed up by my man for the purpose. As soon as you feel yourself hungry, down we pop ourselves on a sunny bank, under a convenient hedge, and divide the spoils."

"No," said I; "I must beg to decline the advantage; I shall instantly go to G. and tell him the trick you have played."

"Psha," said Satterthwaite, "you never will enter into a joke."

There was something so truly unfeeling; and, I must add, so excessively ungentlemanlike in the proceeding, that I walked away from him, and inquired of the first of our companions whom I met, where he thought I could find G. He told me that he had walked off in the direction of the house in question, the immediate neighborhood of which we were then approaching.

As this was the case, I determined on taking the same course, so that if I missed him, I might myself call at the house, and let the lady into the plot formed against us. At a turn of the road I caught sight of G. walking rapidly forward. I increased my speed, to overtake him, and succeeded in reaching the gate of the court yard at the same moment. He turned not, spoke not; but the moment he entered the gate, he shut it firmly after him, and locked it, without speaking one syllable to me. In an instant I heard a pistol fired, and a voice exclaim, "I have missed you—go on."

I ran towards a side gate which opened into the yard, but which was also locked—it was of open iron work, and there I saw the horrid sight—the lady's husband still holding a pistol in each hand, advanced upon G., and in a voice I shall never forget, exclaimed, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, and his whole frame convulsed with agony—

"You love her—yes—and she returns your love;—take this—defend yourself!" saying which, he offered one of his pistols to his opponent.

The letter which Mr. Satterthwaite had despatched to the husband betrayed a fatal secret which, till then, had remained unsuspected. Mad with revenge and desperation, he rushed from the seat of justice; and before he decided upon the injuries done to society, sped homewards to revenge his own.

In vain I cried for help; in vain called on both their names, at the moment when they stood facing each other. A window of the house was thrown up, and I beheld the cause of all their rage in a state of distraction.

"Eleanor," cried G., "go—go—leave the window; do not be a witness of this dreadful scene."

"Let her stay," replied the husband; "she is locked into her room; there is no fear of her separating us."

"Kill me—kill me!" cried the wretched woman; "it is I alone who ought to die!"

I mingled my cries with hers; I endeavored to scale the wall; the once dear friends had taken their stand—their pistols were raised, when, driven to distraction by her despair, the unhappy Eleanor sprang from the window, and fell at the feet of her husband—the fall had so deeply injured her, that she could make no effort to stay their hands. At this moment I had reached the summit of the wall, when I saw Satterthwaite and some others of our companions approaching.

"What a noise you are making!" cried he; "you cry out as if the house was burning; why, the people half a mile off will hear you."

"Fire, Sir!" said the infuriated husband; "do not add cowardice to crime."

The word given was but too promptly and too well obeyed. The injured husband received the bullet from his friend's pistol in his breast, and fell dead at the side of his wife.

I leaped from the wall, and seizing Satterthwaite by the throat, thrust him against the iron gate, and holding him fast, exclaimed,

"See, wretch, behold the result of your last performance!"

G., the miserable survivor, fled to America; and the wretched wife died from poison the day after the duel.

So much for PRACTICAL JOKING! T. E. H.

Colburn's New Monthly for May, 1837.

AN INTERVIEW.

We were sitting in our sanctum yesterday afternoon, puffing a glorious Havana, and musing, as we sent up puff after puff, and beheld the fanciful forms we had created, disappear, upon the evanescence of all earthly hopes and desires, when *tap—tap—tap*—was heard at our door.

"Walk in."

An animal entered that made us actually jump a foot out of our editorial chair; it had whiskers—an enormous head of hair—in short, it was the very *beau ideal* of a dandy. The creature had a cane. We thought of our article in last Saturday's Spectator;—all our sins came up before us, and we began to mutter over our prayers with the desperation of a drowning man catching at a straw. It's a horrible feeling, reader—that is, the feeling that your time has come to die. May you live a thousand years.

"Meestaw, aw you the editaw of the Evening Spectataw?"

"I—hem—why—hem—I 'spose I rather be, sir," giving him a most profound bow, by way of propitiation. Reader, if you had seen the big drops of perspiration standing upon our forehead just at *that* moment, you wouldn't be sitting in your chair laughing at us, as we happen to know that you are just at this moment.

"Wa-al. I have read in your colyumns, an article which is personawl about dandies. Did you write it?"

"Yes—hem—no—that is—why, yes, I presume I did."

"Then, saw, there's maw cawd."

We took it up with a trembling hand. It was beautifully enamelled, and bore the name of

JULIUS PAVRICIUS CICERO MORTIMER CANNING MONTAGUE,

Michigan Exchange.

"Maw friend will wait upon you to-morraw." Saying this, out he strutted, leaving us somewhat relieved, for we expected to be shot on the spot. Now we are in a quandary—"to fight or not to fight?—that's the question." We are no marksman;—we *might*, at the distance of ten feet, hit a barn;—perhaps we *might*—though it is doubtful—touch a cow or a horse, but to send a bullet through a dandy, of the genus baboon—while you see a pistol looking death at yourself, is altogether another question.

"What shall we do?"

"Fight, to be sure. Your reputation will be ruined if you don't."

"Well, we suppose we must."

PS. Since the foregoing was written, we have made our *will*, which we publish to prevent any humbuggery on the part of our heirs.

"*Item.* We leave two shillings, a pair of tolerable boots—(which heaven knows he needs)—our debts—and our blessing, to our brother editor.

"*Item.* We bequeath one half of the box of cigars, due us by the Advertiser, to the Free Press.

"*Item.* We leave to the Advertiser all our right, title, and interest in our next work on Natural History, which is to exceed any other in point of perspicuity, beauty of diction, and correctness. Price $20—wood cuts *gratis*.

"*Item.* We bequeath six shillings—being the whole amount left after the above legacies are paid—for the erection of an Insane Hospital in Detroit—which is very much needed.

"*Item.* We bequeath our body to the attention of the overseers of the poor, trusting they will see us buried decently, and have the following brief inscription over our grave:—

HERE LIES
THE BODY
OF ——— ———,
A worthy citizen,
A first-rate christian,
A spicy—racy—witty—editor.
Requiescat in pace."

All the above is in case we die; if we should happen to hit him, why it all "goes for nothing," and perhaps we may give a history of the duel.

Detroit Spectator.

C. B. Parsons has arrived in Louisville. We may expect the City Theatre to be open shortly. Parsons won considerable reputation the few nights he played in New Orleans. He wintered at Natchez. He commands the respect of his fellow citizens here, and is a favorite actor. Daily City Gazette.

Two rival candidates in Mobile opened the public houses for their constituents during a late election. The following item appeared in the bills of the landlords:—

To silver spoons, stolen by constituents.............................. $10

There are 72,000 unmarried females in the city of New York, 40,000 of whom are over sixteen years of age! Examiner.

How much over? Boston Post.

Will some of the *Hoosiers* or *Suckers* of the West inform us how the hogs are getting along in that region? We shall want a great deal of pork here to fry our fish. Ib.

Charles Kean has concluded an engagement in Edinburgh, where his share of the profits amounted to £1,200. Such a theatrical excitement has not been known in that city since the days of his father and Miss O'Neil.

"RIDIN' ON A RAIL."—A rascal named Blanchard, who had been delivering abolition lectures at Chambersburg, Pa., recently left that place under a large escort of citizens. From what we should infer, the disorganizer left the place "*settin' on a rail.*"

English Varieties.

A Mons. Chevalier, who it appears was sent over from Paris to investigate the causes of the commercial crisis, was nearly run over, the papers say, at the narrow risk of his life, the other day, at Charing-cross. "Begor," said he when picked up, "dey *run* not only on dere own banks, but on de foreign bankers also."

The *Darmstadt Gazette* says that every year every householder shall deliver to the police six sparrows, or be fined six kreutzers, and forbids the killing of other birds. Bibo Wilks talks of going there this summer, as they give such license to *swallows*, and there is no fear of losing his there.

"Pray, Sir," said Liston Bulwer the other day in a debate, where he was displaying his customary noodledum, "do you entertain my proposition?" "No," said his antagonist, laughing, "on the contrary, *your* proposition *entertains* me."

Scientific Nature of Lynch Law.—Sam Slick, the Yankee humorist, describes this *popular* law to be defined by "hanging a man outside a church-steeple, to see if it is perpendicular."

March of Intellect.—Wakley asked Duncombe the other day, very much to the disgust of Tom, what he thought of the Burlington and Lowther Arcades? The Corinthian surveyed for a moment the *fiery* colors of his honorable colleague's fancy waistcoat, and answered, "Arcades ambo!" Lord Wakley posted away to one of the "cheap and nasty" libraries in Finsbury, and asked to look at a Greek Dictionary.

New Species of Stock.—We are informed by the proprietor of the Lowther Rooms that *character* tickets can be obtained for ten and sixpence each. Doubtless the advertiser will find them a very popular article in the market. A rise in price is expected. Applications for characters have been numerous, and amongst those refused, we find the names of Hume, Wakley, O'Connell, the whole of the Tail, and, as Hume hath it, the "tottle of the whole" Cabinet, Rump and dozen.

A Question for Lyne Stephens.—If Duvernay is worth £10,000 bonus, and 500*l*. per annum, how much is Taglioni worth?

Mr. Poulter's "Natural Principles."—Mr. Poulter has taken compassion upon the state of celibacy to which Fellows of colleges are condemned. "I think," said he, "that the disqualification on account of marriage ought to be changed, as it is a violation of a *natural principle*." This declaration has produced a considerable sensation; and it is generally rumored that Miss Martineau, (not Betty Martin-oh!) will give a course of lectures upon the "principle" alluded to by Mr. Poulter.

An Honorable En-"gage"-ment.—We confess ourselves right well pleased with Sir William Gage. He has acted with the becoming spirit of a genuine British tar, and we drink to his right good health, and long may he live to show the sneaking Frenchmen that John Bull alone knows the way to act with true civility to the ladies. On the occasion of the celebration of the Queen of England's birth-day recently, the French Admiral in the Tagus omitted the complimentary ceremonial of hoisting the British flag while the honorary salute was fired. The British Admiral sent a civil hint to the Gallic skipper, for the honor of France, to act with customary politeness, which the dirty humbug refused to pay attention to. "Oh, ho!" quoth our blue-jacket, "if that's the tack you're on, Johnny Crapaud, damn me if I don't give you, as they say ashore, 'a Rowland for an Oliver.' Not a shot goes for the tricolor and your Barricado King until you do proper honor to the Queen of England." There have been days when the British blue-jackets would have licked every boat's crew of French blackguards for such conduct. London Age.

The Duke de Broglie has been selected to receive the bride of Louis Philippe's heir apparent at the frontier, and escort her to Fontainebleau, where the marriage will be solemnized on the 30th inst., and four days fetes of the most splendid description will commemorate the grand Poulot's luck in getting a wife at last. Happiness to their sweets! say we.

A masquerade on a superior scale is announced for the 22d of May, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It is under distinguished patronage, and from all we have heard, promises to be the best that has taken place for many years.

Dogsmeatians' Bar-bar-ous Clothing.—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and do a variety of other things; but we doubt whether the poet ever dreamt that it would serve the purposes of shirt and inexpressibles—that is, do the duty of *fig-leaves*. Yet such would seem to be the fact, for we learn from Santander that "forty of Evans's men have embarked for England; they had neither trowsers nor shirts to wear, but round their loins were tied *sheets of music*, torn out of Missals stolen from the monastery of Corban." This is making *Missals* subservient to *dismissals*—but still the Dogmeatians might have been better treated than to have taken their *leaves* so *bar-bar*-ously. A *musical kilt* is rather a new thing in the sartorial art; but it may be imagined that the only *notes* the poor devils will bring home with them, will be in the manner described by the Santander letter.

"Where does Mrs. Creichton live?"—Such is the anxious question in every part of the town where childless ladies have their habitations—they who wish to "love their lords," *à la Lady Randolph*. The reason why they ask is this:—This Mrs. Creichton has a reputation for being able to order it so that a husband's hitherto empty arrow-quiver shall soon be as full as the Psalmist's. She was applied to by a Mr. Reilly to aid his wife—she did so, and the desired blessing came in the shape of a bouncing young Reilly. Not so the promised reward, 5*l*. Upon which Mrs. Creichton brought her action last week before the Assistant-Barrister of Cavan, who very properly awarded to her the sum claimed. This has caused Mrs. Creichton's fame to spread far and wide; and her house, which lies between Cavan and Granard, on the borders of Longford county, is besieged by sproutless couples. We would recommend this anti-Martineau dame to settle in London forthwith.

The Poor Law Commissioners are pronounced very flinty-hearted knaves, and Walter declares that they only seek to cram the church-yards. Somebody has set up in opposition to them, and we think that they ought to be rather jealous of their prerogative. We notice an advertisement to people of respectability, that "Board and lodging may be had in St. Paul's Churchyard, on moderate terms. The board, we presume, means the box-coat, which is the last envelope of humanity; and the lodging "is in the cold ground." There is certainly nothing very tempting in this advertisement.

News for the Ladies.—It is said that in New South Wales an old maid is a much rarer animal than a black swan. It is even asserted that the fair emigrants from England receive offers of marriage through speaking trumpets before they land from the ships.

"If that be the law," said Lord Clare to Curran, "I may burn my books."—"Better *read* them, my Lord," replied Curran.

A safe Whip.—A traveller by one of the Irish coaches, a few days since, had frequent occasion to complain of the coachman's furious driving, particularly whilst descending the steepest hills, where he invariably drove at a still more desperate rate. When they had reached the end of the stage, the traveller alighted, and in no very civil manner told the coachman that it was the last time he would be a passenger by his coach, as his neck was in jeopardy every moment, from the furious manner in which he drove. "Och, by the powers, and what are you grumbling at?" cried the indignant whip; "where in the whole of Ireland will you find a man that can drive a coach, *without a pole*, safer and better than myself."

Curious and Amusing.—Mr. Chilton, landlord of the Star Inn, St. Heliers, Jersey, possesses a hen thrush, called Polly, whose eccentricities caused much amusement to the frequenters of the house. Polly was taken from a nest in the spring of 1835. Nothing remarkable, however, occurred in her behaviour until some short time since, when one morning Mr. Chilton found that she had made her escape from her cage, and was given up for lost. After twenty-four hours absence Polly returned, having discovered, perhaps, that there was "no place like home." On her return she made choice of the bar in preference to the cage, and on a shelf quite exposed, among some empty bottles, she built a nest, and laid therein four eggs. In the building of the nest she set all difficulties at defiance. For moss and wool she substituted thread stolen from her mistress's towels, tobacco smuggled from her master's box, string from ginger beer bottles, cotton from the candle-wicks, faded flowers, &c. &c. To obtain mud for cementing she went to the gutters of the street and to the roofs of the houses.—This method of building she a second time adopted, more recently, and in an equally exposed situation. The tameness of the bird is remarkable; the taproom often contains a dozen persons, and Polly goes amongst them as unconcerned as if the room were empty. Since her residence in the bar she has tasted beer, brandy, and gin. She dislikes the two former, but much admires the latter. From certain unusual appearances in her conduct during one day last week, it was evident that Polly was pretty particularly drunk, since which she has become more prudent; but whether from pain of the head, or prickings of the conscience, her friends have not been able to discover.

Novel Incident.—On Sunday last, a party of boys having gone into Lord Dynevor's park in search of buck's horns, met with the following adventure:—On entering the deer shed they saw two bucks lying down, to all appearance dead, and one of the lads exclaimed, "Here are some dead bucks, let us take off their horns," and immediately leaped astride of one of them; but scarcely was he seated before the buck [which had merely retired there to rest] started upon his feet, bounded from the shed, carrying the astounded youth with the greatest velocity over hill and dale, for a distance of nearly two miles, and having in its course crossed a pond of considerable width, before the lad fell from his seat.—The boy is 14 years old, and weighs 73 lbs. Carabian.

The electors of Huddersfield, "and especially the female sex," are strongly urged to exert all their energies in securing the return of Mr. Oastler. This gentleman is strongly opposed to the practice of separating men and their wives in the *union* workhouses, a circumstance which appeals very peculiarly to the sympathies of the "female sex."

It is affirmed of one of the Irish members that, on his travelling excursions or drives through the country, he is in the habit of pelting with eggs the passengers whom he may chance to meet. This is, of course, in the interval of his parliamentary duties. He is stated to be a young member. We should think this very likely, if the report of his propensity be correct. Walter, who has a sort of hereditary knowledge of what it is to be pelted with rotten eggs, declares that a legislator ought to set a better *eggs*-ample to the rest of his Majesty's liege subjects.

The penurious habits of Lord Coventry have often subjected him to slight annoyances. A short time ago, he was displaying at Worcester a coat which he had purchased in Holywell-street, and was exceedingly eloquent about its cheapness. "Could anything," said his lordship, "be more reasonable? How was it that I had it so cheap?" "That is very easily explained," said Captain Patrick, who was disgusted at his meanness, "the low fellows took you for one of the trade, and sold it to you wholesale." We positively believe such to have been the case.

A traveller in Germany gives an account of an interview with a petty potentate, who imagined himself as great and powerful as any monarch in existence. He talked about his declining to subscribe to the quadrupartite treaty. This reminds us of a story of the nigger Prince on the Coast of Guinea, whose throne was a block of wood, and whose guard were three or four native savages with wooden pikes. When he had completed his bargains with the slave merchant, bartering a few of his subjects for glass beads and rusty nails, he pompously inquired if they talked much about him in England. These petty Germans assume as much consequence with about equal pretensions.

It is stated that the Marquis of Waterford has contrived to get rid of all his loose cash; and his West India property is not very profitable, and as his Irish estates do not produce quite so much as he could wish, he is obliged to reduce his establishment. We notice that there has been a steeple-chase on foot among half a dozen boobies of gentility, but the Marquis did not figure away on the occasion. Some surprise was expressed at this by some of his acquaintance, and among the rest, by Lord Allen. "By Jasus," said his Lordship, "if he had only been one of the party he would have been the winner, for I know nobody that can run through an estate so fast as Waterford."

We do not wish to cloud the prospects of the Greenwich Railway, but the sudden death of a gentleman which took place a few days ago, suggests some serious reflections. It is maliciously asserted that the engines were going at such a rate as actually to take away the man's breath! Now, we hold that it is not actually necessary to travel to the next world at rail-road speed.

The fish in the Thames are stated to have suffered greatly from the ravages of influenza, and odd as it may seem, many of them have in consequence met with "a watery grave." Nothing, in truth, either on the earth or under the earth, seems to have escaped this wide-destroying pest. Horses, dogs, sheep, and rabbits, have all suffered from symptoms of influenza, but we have not heard that they have died a bit the faster for want of regular doctors. As regards the fish, Dr. *Roche*, physician to her Grace of St. Alban's has given it as his opinion, that they have suffered a good deal from the late damp weather!

Lady Blessington's new work has fluttered the exclusives not a little; and those who are the most censurable, and know themselves to be so, are, of course, the most violent in their condemnation of it. *The* Duchess while engaged in an interesting conversation on the subject, was asked to account for the fact of certain of the haut ton producing a son and heir to their liege lords before the average period among common people. "Make yourself easy," replied her Grace, "this very often happens in the case of the first child, but it never happens afterwards." We presume that it proceeds from natural causes.

Elopement.—During the week, there has been some food for the lovers of scandal, afforded by the elopement of Mrs. Dale, of the theatre, with a *gentleman* from Manchester, who has on many occasions cut a prominent figure on the Radical and Tory stages in Nottingham, at the Conservative feeds in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and at present is an *ornament* to the bar! It is stated that he had been introduced to the lady as the wife of his friend, Mr. Dale, but soon discovering that there were circumstances which prevented the latter performing the nuptials, he set his *legal* ingenuity to work, to endeavor to get her to himself, whether for honorable purposes or the reverse, remains to be proved. We understand that Mr. Dale, on discovering how matters stood, demanded the satisfaction he considered he had a right to claim, which was agreed to by his *friend*, but the society of the female was more interesting and less dangerous than either the smell of powder, or honorable explanation, and therefore, long before the appointed hour, the pair were off to Derby. Previous to tripping it off, the *happy* pair partook of supper at one of the principal inns of this town; during which they were guarded for no less a space of time than thirty minutes, by one of the *ought-to-be* guardians of the night, No. 32, a fellow who so far aided and assisted in the elopement, as to take Mr. Dale into custody. The latter gentleman's engagements in London prevented him remaining in Sheffield, or he would have given the watchman an opportunity of explaining his extraordinary conduct to his masters, the commissioners. Perhaps some of them may yet consider it worth while to inquire, whether the regulations of the establishment permit the watchmen to act as waiters at public inns, or to superintend the suppers of runaway parties? Sheffield Iris.

English Theatricals.

Drury-Lane.—The opera of the Barber of Seville was produced here on Tuesday evening to an immensely crowded audience. Mrs. Wood, of course, resumed her old and favorite part of Rosina. We had Wilson as Almaviva, for the first time; Giubilei as Figaro, also first time; Bedford as Basil; and Seguin as Doctor Bartolo. Thus supported, the *Barber* must have proved no ordinary musical treat. Mrs. Wood seemed as if under some extraordinary inspiration—it was the combined triumph of great natural power with consummate art: we have heard Rossini's brilliant music finely sung by foreign artistes, but never were we more delighted than on this occasion; her song, "An old man would be wooing," drew forth, as it deserved, a unanimous encore, and she went through the whole of the music in a way that left us nothing to wish for, but the speedy repetition of the part, in the performance of which she certainly has no equal on the English stage. Wilson sang the music allotted to Almaviva very sweetly, and wants only a more liberal infusion of spirit to become a good acting vocalist. Giubilei makes an excellent representative of Figaro. The Bartolo of Seguin, and the Basil of Bedford, are already too well known to require any encomium. We only hope that the opera may be frequently repeated. Taglioni, we understand, appears to-morrow evening, and, with Mrs. Wood, will form a powerful attraction.

Covent-Garden.—A new tragedy, entitled *Strafford*, was produced here on Monday evening, for the benefit of Mr. Macready, to the most crowded audience that we have seen within these walls since the night of Mr. C. Kemble's farewell benefit. Soon after the opening of the doors, every place, even to the slips, was filled, so that we were compelled to wait until Wednesday, when the tragedy was performed a second time. Strafford is written by Mr. Browning, the the author of a clever piece called *Paracelsus*, which, though not exactly adapted for scenic representation, afforded a very fair specimen of the author's style of composition. Strafford is, however, of a higher order, and is withal more dramatic, and capable of more striking effects, though the author seems to have treated that as a secondary consideration. Identified as it is with an important era in our history, it is impossible that we can be indifferent to the merits of such a play; and as tragedies of any pretension are matters of rare occurrence, we may be allowed to devote somewhat greater space to its description than we should, but for these circumstances, feel inclined to grant. The story commences at the close of the life and reign of the first Charles, when Thomas Wentworth, who obtained the earldom of Strafford as the reward of his transcendent abilities, was sacrificed to the fury of the same party which brought his royal master to the scaffold. The author has successfully interwoven all the more prominent incidents of Strafford's political career during that angry period. Out of such materials, and they are meagre enough as regards melo-dramatic interest, Mr. Browning has constructed a very clever tragedy; one that we consider as equal in many respects to any modern production. The language is pure, occasionally lofty, and though betraying no evidence of an attempt at labored effect, is written with care; in a far greater degree indeed than could have been expected from a young author. It cannot be denied that he has been fortunate in its performance. We speak more particularly of the three leading characters—Strafford, Pym, and Lady Carlisle—to all of which ample justice was rendered by Macready, Vandenhoff, and Miss Faucit. The other parts were tolerably well acted, but they are comparatively insignificant. The tragedy was rapturously applauded, and will, no doubt, retain that place in the legitimate drama to which it is unquestionably entitled—the highest.

Olympic.—A new one act burletta, called *A Peculiar Position*, has been produced here with decided success. It is from the pen of Mr. Planche, and is characteristic of his usually felicitous style. A German Count, against whom a charge of treason has been preferred, is in fear of being apprehended by the officers of justice, when his Countess (Miss Murray) hits upon a novel expedient for the extrication of her husband. A *Monsieur Champignon*, (Liston,) an itinerant vender of liqueurs, arrives at the chateau just as the Count has made his escape. The lady persuades Champignon to personate the Count, and suffer himself to be arrested, in order to afford time for the fugitive passing the frontier. It may be well imagined how much Liston makes of the "peculiar positions" in which he is thus placed. Ignorant of the true motive, he fancies that the lady entertains a *penchant* for himself. He is also on good terms with her Abigail, *Barbara*, when Madame Champignon appears to dispute the prize. Ultimately the charge against the Count is proved to be unfounded, and Champignon resumes his legitimate character. Liston rendered the part exceedingly amusing; and we are glad to perceive that both in health and spirits he has materially improved from the effects of his late indisposition. Madame Vestris might with truth call her house the Theatre of Varieties, for we have four light and piquant pieces nightly, though the performance is generally over at an early hour,—attention to which would be advantageous elsewhere.

Strand.—The success of *Othello According to Act of Parliament*, naturally suggested to its author *Romeo and Juliet as the Law Directs*. The latter burlesque was first produced at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, Mr. Basil Baker being the Romeo, and Mr. Browne, (late of Drury,) Mercutio; its success was unequivocal. It has been some time in preparation at the Strand, but from the mutations which the cast underwent in rehearsal, it is clear that Messrs. Hammond and Jerrold thought the subject a dangerous one. Mr. Hammond was understood to be intended for Juliet, and Mrs. Stirling Romeo; had this been persisted in, we should have been spared the trouble of any notice, for the audience would not have endured such a representation; as it is, the cast is the best the company allows. The story is very closely followed: Romeo, being a lisping young gentleman in boy's clothes (Mr. Hammond), and Juliet, a young lady in frock and trousers (Miss Daly); Mercutio, foreman to Romeo's father (Mr. J. Lee); Tybalt, fiery Tybalt, (Mr. Melville,) a fireman waterman, and Friar Lawrence, the Gretna blacksmith, (Mr. Hall). The success of a burlesqe mainly depends upon the popularity or notoriety of the original. Othello has been acted twice as often as any other tragedy within the last twenty years, and all classes of playgoers are well acquainted not only with its incidents, but with all its prominent passages. Romeo and Juliet is not so familiar to the present race of playgoers, nor does the subject afford so many opportunities for the ridiculous as that of Othello. The fun fails after a scene or two; the parodies are less happy than in the former production, and the airs are too good; there is drollery in the idea of Othello singing "Farewell the tranquil mind," to the tune of "Bob and Joan:" but none in Romeo and Juliet warbling their loves in *arias* from *La Sonnambula*, or *I Puritani*. The ball and garden scene are closely followed; Juliet is tacked to Romeo by the blacksmith, is wooed by Paris (Attwood), and takes a potion (*gin*) from the Scotch parson; this is course and dangerous, and is made more so by the circumstance of the *Apothecary* giving Romeo precisely the same fluid in lieu of the deadly draught. Juliet is borne to "the bone-house of the Capulets," and released by Romeo: they are "about dying," when the blacksmith and doctor confess the cheat; all parties join in a merry finale, and down comes the curtain.

The King's.—*Don Giovanni* drew another crowd to this theatre on Tuesday evening, and we but give expression to the evident feeling of the audience when we say that the entertainment went off delightfully. The manager will consult his own advantage and the pleasure of the public, if not of his operatic *corps*, by reviving not only this, but others of Mozart's most glorious works. The public may have been amused with the meretricious productions of the modern Italian school, but if we are not much mistaken, they are only *wedded* to music of a very different character. The German style, with its deep delicate soul of harmony, is more congenial to our masculine taste than are the superficial charms of a Bellini's school. We are of a German origin—*Gothic* if you will—and the music of our northern relations speaks with melodies that find a kindred chord in our nations heartstrings—stern unisons and melting harmonies.

Drury-Lane.—There has been nothing done at this house during the week demanding notice. Mrs. Wood took her benefit on Friday, on which occasion Wood played *Fra Diavolo*—a circumstance which, in the opinion of some, justified a rise in the prices, and the prices were accordingly raised, but the *benefit* of that was only nominal to Mrs. Wood. It seemed to be generally regarded as an impertinence, and it really was so; for what is there in Mr. Wood that the prices on his appearance should be raised? There is, however, nothing like holding oneself in high estimation. Satirist, May 7.

Adelphi.—The season has come to a rather untimely conclusion. Yates and his clever wife have, however, been secured for the Surrey by Davidge, where they will speedily make their appearance. Mrs. Yates as Victorine, and John Reeve in *One, Two, Three, Four, Five, by Advertisement*, have proved, deservedly, very potent attractions during the week.

Victoria.—Warde played *Richard* at this theatre on Monday. He has enacted this character previously on these boards, and we perceive little variation, and no improvement in this compared with his former attempt. It is a respectable, though not a very effective performance. The part is not in the line in which this actor excels. Characters in which the cold, stern, and unbending predominate are his forte, and he plays them with an effect of which few are capable.

The middle of June is now named as about the period at which the new theatre in Oxford-street will be opened.

The other night at the St. James's theatre, during the performance of the *Postilion*, at the passage where Braham, with his truly unrivalled energy, sings the words—

> "The cause I can't explain;
> My voice with all its power comes back to me again."

an enthusiast in the boxes, carried away by the extraordinary powers of the singer, exclaimed, audibly enough to be heard by all around him, "Come back again! why it has never been gone yet."

Buckstone says that his new piece of *Abelard and Heloise*, to be produced to-morrow night at the Surrey, is the best thing he has done. This is saying a great deal, and if Buckstone be as good a critic as he is an author, much is indeed to be anticipated.

The dramatic hemisphere has been lighted up in an unusual degree this last week, by the expected arrival of Mlle. Taglioni, and the *un*expected arrival of Madame Pasta, both of whom made their appearance in the auditory part of the Opera on Thursday last; and both of whom are announced in the bills to make their appearance on the stage of Drury-Lane theatre. This is a very extraordinary position of things—but so it is.

We have been at some little pains to unravel this business of Madame Pasta, from the fact of her having been advertised for two seasons running to appear at the opera, and from the equally glaring fact of her not having done so. It should seem that the lessee of the Opera had, on neither occasion, complied with the conditions imposed on him by this lady, and that she therefore declined to come; but finding, or believing that the announcement of her name had been useful for the purpose of aiding the Opera subscription, she determined to come over and try its value on her own account, and to let the world know that, notwithstanding the charm thrown around the public ear by the strains of the late Madame Malibran, the present Grisi, the recently imported Albertazzi, and the hourly expected Devrient, she is, what she ever was, an enchantress at least equal to them all. We applaud the spirit of Madame Pasta, and there can be no doubt but it will be duly appreciated and rewarded. The difference between Pasta and Grisi is about the same we used in common with the whole play-going world, to think there was between Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil.

By a reference to the Drury-Lane play-bill, we perceive that she is to make her *debut* in Zingarelli's opera of *Romeo e Giulietta*, a character in which we have seen her, and could never tire of seeing her. Then we presume we are to have *Norma*, *Medea*, and *Anna Bolena*, characters in which she never had (like Mrs. Siddons in Lady Macbeth, Constance, and Catherine) a rival; and it is hopeless to suppose any one ever will be found to compete with her. By virtue of these extraordinary engagements, Drury-Lane theatre, which had, in common with others, been suffering from the pressure of the times, has suddenly sprung up, and become the whole town talk.

Taglioni begins to-morrow in the ballet of *La Sylphide*—created by herself, and only to be played by herself. The fact of her being engaged for twelve nights has turned the heads of the play-goers; and the box-office has been a sort of fair. With such names as Taglioni, Devrient, Pasta, and Wood, playing at the same time in one theatre, we have been at a loss to imagine what could possibly be the scale of admission to enable the lessee to pay them all, and himself into the bargain.

We see the long established prices of 7s. to the boxes, and so forth, are not to be increased upon; and if they can realize the necessary funds, we are glad to see it. By virtue of such engagements as these, Drury-Lane theatre is enabled to offer to an English audience the most eminent talent the continent can produce, at one third of the charge made at the Opera House; and with three such singers as Pasta, Wood, and Devrient, backed by the first dancer in the world, Taglioni, we have no hesitation in saying that the Opera is thrown comparatively into the shade; for in one theatre the talent lies all among the men, and in another all among the women—a charm which, added to a 3s. 6d. pit instead of a 10s. 6d. one, a 2s. gallery instead of a 5s. one, will make all the difference. London may now boast of concentrating more dramatic, vocal, and instrumental talent than all Europe put together; and to add to the number of chosen artistes, the fascinating Jenny Vertpre arrived on Thursday last, and gave us her exquisite performance of *La Chatte* on Friday.

The Theatre Francais, hitherto very perfect in all its appointments, only wanted the appearance of this charming actress to render its representations complete. We hear nothing of Covent-Garden and the new tragedy, except that, in the fourth act, Macready looked the image of Greenacre; and that the acting, like the prototype, was *well* EXECUTED! This dust-hole closes, we understand, in a few days, and it certainly is high time it did. Age, May 7.

Jim Crow Rice has commenced an engagement in Dublin; he also proceeds to Belfast, where he is engaged for a limited period.

H. Wallack and his wife (late Miss Turpin) sailed last week for the United States. Age, May 7.

The Princess's Theatre is progressing, but cannot be ready for opening before July. Mrs. Waylett, Frank Mathews, Greene, and Warde are the principal performers at present engaged; but offers have been made to others of equal celebrity.

The Haymarket is not yet sold or let, but we hear Morris has had some offers for the next season; and it is not improbable that Mrs. Nisbett will become the manageress.

A burletta, taken from the novel of "Jack Brag," is in rehearsal at the St. James's. It will be brought out on Wednesday next.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 17, 1837.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Post Boy.—At the last meeting on Long Island, *Post Boy* appeared in such fine plight, that he was the favorite against the field on the four mile day. After the race, (in which he was distanced, with two others, by *Mingo* and *Mary Blunt*,) Sam Taylor, his trainer, had great difficulty in getting him home to his stable. He seemed to be let down in the shoulders, and was so stiff as to be almost unable to move. Taylor went to work upon him, by administering a powerful tonic, and bathing his legs in warm water; he afterwards gave him a thorough sweat, and by following up this treatment for a few days, at length brought him round. The thousand friends of this noble animal will be glad to learn he is now doing well, and that so far from having utterly broke down, there is every prospect of his coming out at the Fall meetings, and asserting his claim to the championship of the Northern Turf.

Capt. Oliver is busy in the Old Dominion making up a stable for New Orleans. He has purchased three or four good ones. One of them is a 3 yr. old, and "a flyer." We have promised not to call names just now, but Oliver paid $3500 for *it*. He has also bought a capital four mile nag—one that has won on the Union, Central, Washington, Kendall, and there's no telling how many other courses. In a few weeks we shall flare up with all the particulars.

Mr. Stevens' *Fanny Wyatt*, about whom so much solicitude is felt, is in fine health, and so improved in appearance as hardly to be recognized by her old friends. Van Leer is nursing her along, and the beautiful creature is doing so well that he only hopes she may have the pleasure of meeting her old Virginia acquaintances, *Charlotte Russe* and *Mary Blunt*, at the ensuing Fall meetings.

Col. Johnson's *Trifle*—the phenomenon of the Turf—produced a fine foal by Sussex this season. *Ironette*, we believe, is to grace Andrew's harem this year. [We have unfortunately mislaid several interesting *mems.* we made relative to Col. J.'s stable.] It is a singular fact, that although in his Northern campaign the gallant Colonel's stable performed wonders, they *won* fewer purses than in the same number of races they ever *lost* before. Let us see. At the first Spring meeting on Long Island, he sent on Mr. Hamlin's Andrew colt *Suffolk* alone all the way from Virginia, and won a sweepstakes of 18 subs., at $100 each. At Camden he won the 2 mile sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, and the 4 mile purse, with *Mary Blunt* and *Lady Cliffden*, but lost the 3 yr. olds sweepstakes with Suffolk, to Mr. Hare's *Willis*, and the 3 mile purse with Mary Blunt to Mr. Stevens' *African*. At the second Spring meeting on the Union Course, he lost the 2 mile purse with *Atalanta* to Mr. Pearsall's *Reindeer*, in 5:48½—5:49, and the 4 mile purse with *Mary Blunt* to Gen. Irvine's *Mingo*, in 7:47 the 3d heat, after winning the 2d. At the Second Trenton meeting, he lost with *Atalanta*, by not half a length, the 2 mile purse to Mr. Stevens' *Dosoris*, in 3:49—3:45, and the 4 mile purse to *Mingo* with *Lady Cliffden*, in 7:51½—8:05, after *Mary Blunt* had gallantly won the 3 mile purse the day previous, beating a crack field. However, in addition to his winnings here, the Colonel has won this Spring *one* 4 mile, and *three* 3 mile purses, enough, in all conscience, to satisfy a turfman much less reasonable. It should be remembered of the "Napoleon of the Turf," as it was of "the mighty Corsican," that he is never more to be feared than in his reverses.

Racing Stable and Breeding Stud for sale.—We regret to have been desired by Col. Heth, of Virginia, to advertise for sale all his blooded stock, including his racing stable, brood mares, young stock, etc., as will be seen from an advertisement on the last page. The multiplicity of the arduous duties devolving upon him, we understand, prevents Col. Heth's giving that attention to his blooded stock requisite to command success, though few have more occasion to be satisfied with it thus far than himself. His stock embraces most of the fashionable strains of blood of the good old Virginia stock: as a specimen, we need but cite the dam of *Trifle* and *Charlotte Russe*. A list of Col. H.'s stud will be hereafter furnished; the simple fact that it is offered for sale will sufficiently excite the attention of breeders and turfmen throughout the country to command purchasers at good prices.

Azalia.—This fine mare of Gen. Irvine's, (of Philadelphia,) now 6 yrs. old, by Mambrino, dam by Thornton's Rattler, has been sent to Busiris, who has got some capital colts in Pennsylvania, where he yet stands, considering the quality of the mares sent to him.

Beppo, the celebrated trotting horse, is advertised for sale in to-day's paper, as his owner immediately sails for Europe. He is the fastest horse a single mile—with one exception—this country has ever produced.

The Champion of the North.—It is currently reported that Gen. Irvine has refused $20,000 for *Mingo*, and we see no reason to doubt it, as $15,000 was his price last Fall, after his defeat by *Fanny Wyatt*. He will be worth from $5000 to $8000 per annum as a stallion, his blood, size, beauty, and performance, all combined, being unequalled. We saw him last Friday night after his race at Trenton: there was not the slightest blemish about him; he was as sound as a roach, though few horses in the country have seen more severe work, as a summary of his races will show. On referring to the "Annual Lists of Winning Horses," (published solely in this paper,) we find that Mingo has lost 4 four mile races, and 1 of two miles, having won during the three years and a half he has been on the turf no less than *eight* races of four mile heat—*five* of three mile heats—*two* of two mile heats, and *one* of one mile heats—thus winning eleven races out of the sixteen in which he started, and receiving forfeit once. *Trifle* was upon the turf four years, and won 18 races out of 24, of which 1 was a race of mile heats—4 of 2 mile heats—3 of three mile heats, and 15 of four mile heats; and though she was well considered a perfect nonpareil, the horses she encountered were *generally* inferior to the good ones now on the turf. Such nags as Bascombe, Mingo, Mary Blunt, Post Boy, Fanny Wyatt, Catherine Davis, Black Heth, Atalanta, Bay Maria, Cippus, Lady Cliffden, Cadmus, and a dozen others, were few and far between during her supremacy, though among those she defeated, and ordinarily without being "put up," we find Black Maria, Shark, Alice Grey, Charles Kemble, Mary Randolph, Little Venus, Dolly Dixon, Hanslap, Tobacconist, Mucklejohn, and others. The average time, too, and the weight carried in their respective races, should also be taken into consideration. *Trifle's* best time in 2 mile heats was 3:54—3:57, carrying 83 lbs.;—in 3 mile heats, 5:51—5:49, handicapped 97 lbs.;—in 4 mile heats, 7:51—7:57—8:02, with 107 lbs. up—7:49—7:56, with 111 lbs. up, and 7:58—7:49, with 115 lbs. up. *Mingo's* best time in 2 mile heats was 3:49—3:51, carrying 104 lbs.;—in 3 mile heats, 5:45—5:55, with 104 lbs. up;—in 4 mile heats, 7:51½—8:05, with 121 lbs. up, and a *third* heat of 4 miles in 7:47, with 121 lbs. upon his back, having lost a 2d 4 mile heat to *Post Boy* by a neck, in 7:49, carrying 114 lbs., and a 2d 4 mile heat to *Fanny Wyatt* by six inches, in 7:53, after running a close 2d the 1st heat in 7:50, with 114 lbs. up, while Fanny carried but 87 lbs. Splendid as was the racing career of the invincible *Trifle*, the performances of *Mingo* entitle him to quite as eminent a place in the annals of the American Turf. And who can tell, as his stock trains on, how many more brilliant victories of his we may yet have to record? He is the produce of Eclipse and Rattler—of surpassing speed and indomitable game—with feet as sound and legs as fine as when he made his debut in his 3 yr. old form. *Twenty Thousand Dollars* for HIM!—Don't take it, General.

A colt by *Andrew*, out of Pett, by St. Tammany, (Miss Medley's dam,) was sold last week at Milledgeville, Ga., when not a week old, for $1200. Andrew has come up a trump card in Col. Johnson's hand. His colts in the North turned out so well, that upon the sudden demise of *Industry* and *Henry*, he was immediately re-purchased from Georgia, where he was standing with great success. Col. J. is also the owner of old *Eclipse*, now standing with equal success in Kentucky.

Dr. George Goodwyn, of Belfield, Va., the breeder of *Mary Blunt*, (the best filly, with a single exception, south of the Potomac,) whom he sold for $6000 last season to Col. Johnson, has recently parted with another of his favorites—a 3 yr. old Luzborough filly—for $3500, cash up, in Uncle Sam's pocket pieces!

Langford, Capt. Stockton's imported colt, was sold last Fall, in his 3 yr. old form, for $5000, to be delivered after the Spring campaign. The purchaser not "coming to time," to the great satisfaction of Mr. Thompson and the Captain, they declared the arrangement "off," and the colt remains in young Van Mater's hands at his old stable. A yearling Shark colt, out of Miss Mattie, in this stud, is described as one of the most promising at the North. Mr. Gibbons has on his stud-farm at Elizabethtown a Shark colt, out of Bonnets o' Blue, that is likely to turn up a trump. This fine mare, with Marigold and Firefly, have been sent to Milo this season.

James Cook, Esq., of Hightstown, N. J., has a filly by imported Trustee, out of his imported mare Lady Mostyn, (purchased for $1200 of Capt. Stockton,) that is considered quite a nonsuch by several Southern turfmen who visited his breeding establishment last week. Kendall, (James B.) of Baltimore, has made an arrangement with Mr. Cook to take his young things at 2 yrs. old, and train them upon shares. A finer lot has seldom been seen, we are told.

The Great Stakes for 1838, of 44 subscribers, at $1000 each, to be run for next Spring over the Union Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, is already beginning to excite considerable speculation. We should like to name *five* out of the *forty-four* against the field, with as many "knowing ones" for their year's subscription to the Spirit of the Times! What say you, gentlemen? Give us numbers 17—22, and 36, with two others that we shall name, and the thing is "done!" and "done!"

The *Trotting Race* last Friday week at Trenton, after the four mile race, having been a general subject of discussion at the time and since, we have taken some pains to acquaint ourselves with the facts in the premises. Those who witnessed the trot (for a purse of $200, two mile heats) are aware that 2 to 1, and in some instances 3½ to 1 was offered on *Henry Clay* vs. *Lady Warrington*. Henry Clay led off with a fine stroke, doing the first mile in 2:36; at the termination of the mile he had very improperly got nearly a distance ahead of the grey mare, which gap he increased until he arrived about half way to the half mile post, when he unaccountably "shut up," and the mare passed and beat him out almost a distance, winning the heat in 5:25. At the end of the 1st mile and a quarter, Henry Clay seemed to have the heat in hand, and was backed as high as 6 to 1, and the fact that he suffered the mare to head him so handily as she did, without increasing her stride, led many to entertain suspicions not altogether complimentary to his rider. These suspicions, whether groundless or not, were immeasurably heightened by his rider's dismounting before coming to the scales, for which his horse was distanced. Chase, who rode the horse, declares that it was his intention before he came out (as he felt confident that Lady Warrington could beat him with ease,) to withdraw him at the close of the heat, but that his dismounting was the result of sheer inadvertence. Two or three gentlemen, well acquainted with the abilities of Henry Clay, at once exonerated Chase from all blame, so far as his losing the heat was concerned, though he was censured for dismounting as he did. They held that Henry Clay was overmarked—that two mile heats under the saddle, with 147 lbs. up, was beyond his powers, and in support of this opinion, one of them (Mr. C.) offered to match him for $1000 to trot, *in harness*, the same distance, against Lady Warrington, provided his owner would allow him to be removed to another stable. The match was not accepted, but the horse was that evening removed by Spicer from Chase's stable to that of the Messrs. Andersons. He fed well, and appeared in fine spirits. Thinking he was imprudently crowded in his trot the day previous, Spicer had him out on the track on Saturday morning, (a number of gentlemen being in attendance,) and gave him a two mile trial. He performed the 1st mile at a moderate pace, (in 2:44,) but on the 2d gave back precisely as he did the day before, like an out and out "dung-hill." He proved himself equal to mile heats only, under the saddle, though able to go two mile heats in 5:20 in harness. The result of this trial, and a previous acquaintance with the horse, entirely removed any impression that Chase was obnoxious to censure for losing the race, among the gentlemen present, and we have been urgently requested by them to give the above explanation of the circumstances of the case, in justice to an industrious and worthy young man—a request with which we have complied with pleasure.

The *Canadian Turfmen* are almost unanimous in the expression of a desire that stables from the United States should pay them a visit during their annual meetings in July and August. Gentlemen having a taste for campaigning, and who contemplate a tour of the "soft places" in Western New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and remote sections of Virginia, would do well to give the Detroit Jockey Club "a passing call," and then cross over into the provinces of Canada, where they might make sure of some very pretty pickings, if they only have wit enough; "no others need apply." Kendall, of Baltimore, has removed the deposites annually, in the shape of Club purses, at Frederick, Md., Harper's Ferry, and a few similar courses, until at length some of them have compromised with him, to take half their public money, and keep his horses in his stable! As Philo C. Bush, the terror of the cocktails in the section of country alluded to, has taken his stable down the river to St. Louis, to make a descent upon and victimize the pedigree mongering turfites in the regions round-about Missouri, Wisconsin, Arkansas, and pretty much all along shore between July and Jericho, we advise Kendall to despatch his aid du camp, with a few "outsiders" in his stable, and plant a Field where before stood a *Bush*. There are two or three "knowing chaps" in Jersey that are contemplating a summer's trip of this kind, and they will see fun, too, provided they don't encounter Bush in their travels. If they do, and he meets them with his "cracks," they will smell, what Pete Whetstone makes rhyme with yell! Jim Palmer, (brother of David, now at Vicksburg,) writes that they are a *leetle* finer than silk, and regular out and outers. We don't presume to suppose, "not by no means," that anything on Long Island is more than "a circumstance" along side of 'em.

Match for 500 Bales of Cotton!—A match has been concluded, during the recent Club meeting at Vicksburg, Miss., between Col. Bingaman, of Natchez, and Col. Claiborne, of the latter city, to run a race, two mile heats, over the Pharsalia Course at Natchez, on the 17th May, 1838, for Five Hundred Bales of Cotton, One Hundred forfeit!

Col. A. Bingaman's ch. m. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet, 5 yrs.
Col. Osmun Claiborne's b. h. *Rodolph*, by Archy of Transport, dam by Haxall's Moses, 6 y.

So Tennessee and Kentucky are to try the thing over again, it seems, Angora having been bred in the first, and Rodolph in the last named State. Had the distance been *four* mile heats, we should like to have ventured a *spool of cotton* on the match, but in a two mile run we should dislike laying out a needle-full against a Leviathan, without they are to run in mud up to the hocks.

Trotting in the Old Dominion.—The proprietor of the Fairfield Course, near Richmond, announces that

"An interesting *Trotting Match* will come off at this place on the 16th inst., between two distinguished 'Trotters,' or 'Goers,' more technically—one a Northern bred and broke horse of high value, and the other a trim made, remarkably fast Virginia bred mare, who has lately come down this way with laurels won in a recent match with a Northern horse at the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburg. A large amount is staked on the match, and the mare is already spiritedly backed by those who have witnessed her exercising here, and her performance at the Mulberry. These matches should be encouraged, as there is nothing in which we are more behind the times, as well as 'time,' than in the action and education of our draught nags. I am satisfied, as a matter of economy, we should be gainers by an improvement in the speed of our draught horses. Frequent trotting races would, of course, tend to that very desirable object."

Trenton Races.—We had intended to have written out our notes of the races over the Eagle Course last week, but on referring to them and the one we published last Saturday, we find we could better occupy the room. Our old correspondent "L." promised us a crack report, but Mingo made his fortune for him last Friday, and he's off to enjoy it, we presume. Bailey is entitled to the utmost credit for his exertions to give general satisfaction. Several improvements are in contemplation relative to the track and fixtures. A training track is to be laid out inside of the public one, the gates of which will only be thrown open for trials. A large Pavilion has recently been erected adjoining the track, by Mr. Brown, in which, at the late meeting, a handsome dinner was daily prepared. It is to be enlarged, that the Club and gentlemen desirous of dining at the Course may be accommodated. When the intentions of the liberal proprietor are carried into effect, the Eagle Course will be second to none at the North as respects either beauty, comfort, or the excellence of its arrangements.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN TURFMAN ABROAD.

Races in Paris—Colonel Thorn—Suggestions to the editor—Newmarket Spring Meeting—Spirit of the Times in Paris—Advance in the price of Blood Stock—Messrs. Tattersalls and their Customers—Discussions among Importers of Stock—Priam, "D. Q.," Cetus, etc.—Great promise of Priam's 2 and 3 yr. olds—Bay Middleton—Suggestions to American Breeders, etc.

Paris, April 28, 1837.

Dear P.—Finding there was no packet from Havre on the 24th, I have retained the inclosed letter, [the one subjoined] until the packet of 1st May. The Paris races commenced on Sunday 23d, over the Champ de Mars Course, in the city—were continued on the 27th, and will close on Sunday 30th, and I intend to give you some account of them, "as I understand it," but have been too much occupied to do so by this conveyance. It was a mere burlesque of racing. In one instance three horses started in a race of heats, and they were *all distanced*; if you can solve that, you are a clever fellow. Lord ——, I beg his pardon—I mean Col. Thorn, the rich American, with several equipages—one four-in-hand—was, next to the Duke of Orleans, the most conspicuous personage present, and he appeared to be constantly in motion to catch the popular applause.

I have received the three first numbers of the *Spirit of the Times*, also 18th March and 1st April—intermediate numbers missing. They have promised to preserve a file at the reading rooms. I think you have made a decided hit in your editorial bow at commencement of current vol. I always think well of anything in that line which is so much better than I could do myself, and in this instance you have been very happy in detailing the objects and editorial course of your journal. While on that subject, I cannot refrain from a word of caution, which I am sensible you will receive as it is intended, with the best feelings for your success—and that is, to be a little more particular in the selections from miscellaneous journals, so that nothing may appear in your columns which husbands and fathers might object to lay upon the drawing room table; I merely give you the hint: a word to the wise, &c. ["We have reformed that indifferently with us," and shall now, as Hamlet says, "reform it altogether."]

The Newmarket First Spring Meeting you will get probably before this.

You see how cautious they are not to risk a horse's character over the last 3 miles of B. C. *Elis*, 115 lbs., has paid forfeit, though weighted only 8lbs. more than the little mite *Venison*, 107 lbs., which I suppose has won, with 7lbs. more than *Hock*, 100 lbs., all of the same year, 4 yr. olds. I believe *Sheet Anchor* is the largest horse that has won the Portland Handicap—he is by Lottery, out of a Muley, I think.

At last we have milder weather, but scarcely a leaf has burst from the bud as yet. It is very wet but not very cold, though cloaks and great coats cannot be dispensed with.

Yours, truly, J. B.

We annex the communication referred to in the letter above, from which we have made copious extracts, though not intended for publication.

Paris, April 20, 1837.

W. T. Porter, Esq., Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times.

I was much gratified the other day at meeting with an old American acquaintance, which I have but seldom seen for some months past:—the three numbers of the new vol. of the *Spirit of the Times*, which I found among many other American newspapers, at a most excellent establishment, the Literary Salons, 55, *Rue Neuve St. Augustin*. Here, in the dead of winter, as to weather, I assure you it is most cheering to glance over your smiling columns, at the sayings and doings on the bright side of things, for I am happy to observe you have nothing to do with politics, and seem not to regard the dolorous croakings over the deranged monetary affairs of our beloved country.

Things are bad enough, it is true, on both sides of the water, and are likely to get worse before they improve; still, the noble thorough breds continue to increase and multiply, and add to our social amusements in these days of gloom as in more prosperous times. Indeed, racing and field sports were never held in such high estimation both in England and on the Continent, where they are increasing and extending with unwonted spirit. Blood stock, too, has greatly advanced in price within the last year, and good things are now *very* scarce in the market. Messrs. Tattersall write me they have never seen so few for sale, nor so high: *Bay Middleton* having trained off, was sold for 4000 guineas, with a condition that he was not to go abroad; they remark—"this is a *great price* for an *Englishman* to pay for an untried stallion—*nothing* for an *American*."—It is the American demand which has given such impulse to the rise in prices; the Continentals are less ambitious.

With the cheering prospects of the breeder and turfman, which the numerous sweepstakes and rich purses your list presents, it is to be regretted that any invidious comparisons should be made to excite unkind feelings among the friends of the blood horse. The heart of a *genuine sportsman* expands with delight at every valuable addition of blood stock. The owners of *Eclipse*, *Bertrand*, *Tonson*, and other native stallions, ought to rejoice at the importation of *Barefoot*, *Leviathan*, and other English horses of remote crosses, and these latter ought equally to be gratified at the introduction of other good ones, as every fresh importation adds to the variety, extends the sphere of operations, increases the interest and the competition among breeders and turfmen, and enhances the value of the whole. Surely in such a wide extent of country there is scope and room enough for all that may chance to cross the waters, and as every horse has his peculiarities, so also will he have his party and backers to the extent of his merits. Instead of being in the way or opposed to each other, they may become, if on friendly terms, mutual supports to each other, acting together to produce one great and important result—the improvement and appreciation of the whole stock of the country. Where questions of superiority arise between different horses, the Course, the field or the road, is the proper place to settle them, in the same way that the scales decide similar questions respecting beasts fattened for the shambles.

In my last letter I alluded to this subject, and also mentioned some of the circumstances which led to the sale of *Priam*, among which was the precipitancy of his early friends, and the general disappointment in the performance of his 2 yr. olds. By a singular coincidence, I perceive, in one of your late numbers, a communication from "D. Q.," containing a laborious compilation of the performances and engagements of the get of the principal stallions in England, in which the get of Priam are made to figure most conspicuously. The article was read but cursorily, and is not now before me, but the writer has evidently fallen into an error in respect to the young Priams. The truth is that their general appearance at Newmarket in their 2 yr. old form was disadvantageous, and the public disappointment at their performances was not concealed; and further I may add, that it was owing to that circumstance, and under the feelings of the moment that the American public are now indebted for his invaluable acquisition to their number of imported stock horses, even at the high figure named, which two years ago would not have been looked at.

You know, I do not attach much importance to 2 yr. old performances, and especially of the first get of a veteran racer: if the American public did, and Priam should be tried by that standard, he would be found wanting. Look at the facts and then judge. Being decidedly the best of his year, and at the head of the turf through the whole of his splendid racing career, on his retiring to the stud a select and limited number of mares were put to him, and the produce extensively engaged in the richest and most important stakes. Last year (1836) his 2 yr. olds first came out, and 58 engagements produced but six winnings, one of which was a £25 forfeit. The same year 12 engagements of *Camel's* get produced seven winnings, and 15 engagements of *Voltaire's* get no less than nine winnings and forfeits. Indeed, the disappointment was in proportion to the failures, and the horse was, in my opinion, most unreasonably condemned without further trial.

At the Craven meeting (Newmarket, 10th April, 1837) several *three yr. old Priams* ran with great credit, and one of them (Troilus) was the second best winner of the meeting; and this goes to establish the opinion heretofore expressed respecting the general defect of his colts—the want of substance and power in the quarters. The dam of Troilus is a Sultan, and like all the Sultans has a long carcase and powerful quarters, and so far is a most eligible cross for Priam. Another of his get, out of Arachne, by Filho da Puta, one of the hardy, stout sort, ran second to the crack for the Riddlesworth. You have doubtless seen the result of the meeting 'ere this, and will have also seen and published the running at First Spring meeting, which commences on the 24th instant.—

A gentleman writes me from Newmarket: "We have had good running, but horrid weather. The *Priams are running*, and he will, you may rely upon it, get race horses," of which I never had a doubt: nor will the American breeders doubt it when they come to see the horse, which they ought to do, the better to select suitable mares for him.

The writer of the article under consideration appears to have been less solicitous to puff his favorite—for in truth he stands in no need of such aid—than to detract from another (*Cetus*) with which he makes an invidious comparison in a temper and feeling which it is to be hoped will meet with no countenance by the racing public. He has much to say about the cost of Cetus, who is reported to have cost more than any horse previously imported, or something to that effect.[*] Now, it is quite as indiscreet for the friends of Cetus to put forth such a statement, as for the writer, "D. Q.," to rest the claims of Priam as a stallion on the performance in England of his 2 yr. old colts.

It is true money will make almost any horse a favorite, but the fictitious reputation which one horse may acquire by the high price of his cost, does not necessarily detract from the real value of another of a less price. Besides, a stallion may be of much greater value in one country than another, by reason of the peculiar adaptation of his get to different Courses. A horse that will get speedy and powerful 2 yr. old runners is more valuable in England than any where else, because it is the fashion of the day to make heavy engagements on these young things, and if they pass that ordeal with credit, they become favorites for the Riddlesworth, the Derby, the St. Leger, and other rich purses. Hence the great value of *Bay Middleton*, which to my view would improve the American stock much less than many others that have been imported. He is the largest thorough bred I ever saw, and has more spirit and action than any other large one; but his action in his slow paces is awkward and ungraceful, which you do not observe when running, such is the immensity of his power and speed. His legs have given way under his own enormous weight, which is entirely too great for a long day. Although he won all his races as a three year old, amounting to nearly $50,000, and was in prime condition at the close of the season, yet Lord Jersey was unwilling to accept the handicap (126 lbs., I believe) for the Portland stakes—the last three miles of B. C. only 7 lbs. more than he carried for the Derby last year, and the event has shewn that his Lordship was right, for he broke down in training preparatory to this season's campaign; yet that horse is considered in England the best of his day. Would he suit the American breeder at any price? I venture to say there are many already gone over, and many more might be found at one fourth his price that would generally be preferred. Yet so careful are they of his future reputation in the stud, that he will not be suffered to cover any mares this season.

But to return to Cetus and his very distinguished contemporary, between whom your correspondent has attempted a parallel, obviously for the purpose of exhibiting the former in an unfavorable light. It is really too bad that anonymous writers should attempt to gull so intelligent and respectable a class of people as the Virginia and North Carolina breeders of blood stock with conjectures or idle rumors about the *cost* of stallions; they cannot be induced to patronise a horse unless they like him, and his qualities are adapted to their wants, and it is paying a poor compliment to their judgment to press that subject upon their consideration—it has too speculating an air for a right-minded turfite. If Tattersall finds a whimsical man, owner of a good thing, in the humor to sell, and avails himself of the moment to strike the bargain, and gets a horse for 1000 guineas which may have previously sold for 3000, it is so much in favor of the purchaser, but the horse is none the better, nor will the breeder look at that lucky hit when he comes to examine the points and qualities of a stallion.

The failure of Cetus to get winners appears to me to be set forth with unkind feelings, unaccompanied with any of the mitigating circumstances of the case, which ought to be fairly considered before passing sentence of condemnation.—His performances on the turf, though very respectable, were not of a character to place him *at once as a stallion* above fashionable and tried ones, many of which were covering in his immediate vicinity; consequently he had not, as Priam had, a choice selection of mares at his service. His partial owner, Sir Mark Wood, put his best mares to him, but he was singularly unfortunate in their produce, only one of which, I believe, has ever shown as a two yr. old, and as he was increasing in favor, recently broke his leg in a trial. Two or three others of his get have been out once or twice, but have not won—one which had several engagements proved to be an inveterate roarer. I have seen two of his colts, and I thought them promising, but as yet his get can scarcely be considered as fairly tried, and the same may be said of Priam's, and no unfriendly inference should be drawn from their failure.

I have in this instance taken up my pen to defend an opinion heretofore expressed, and again to recommend to the American breeder the *Whalebone* and other stock of similar qualities. In laying the foundation of permanent improvement, I think it all important to select those for breeders which have hardy constitutions, sound legs, high form, and of tried endurance: without these results, we shall, to a great degree, fail in the object of foreign importations. I will not allow myself to become the partizan or opponent of either man or horse, but will simply exercise the freedom of giving my opinions, such as they are, leaving it to your better discretion to publish them or not. No great object of national importance can be successfully undertaken and accomplished without the hearty co-operation of individuals of sound mind and mature judgment; and if my remarks have the effect of exercising the minds of gentlemen experienced in these matters, my principal object will be obtained. Yours, &c., B.

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[*] I have somewhere seen it stated that *Cetus* sold as a 2 yr. old, for 3000 guineas, to Sir Mark Wood, and possibly the writer in question may have alluded to that circumstance.

"N." of Arkansas adds in a postscript to a private letter, that *Gazelle* has paid forfeit to *Cherokee*, and *Christiana* to *Margaretta*.

Grand Main of Cocks!—*Maryland* vs. *Pennsylvania*.—We are requested to state that a grand main of Cocks will be fought at Govanstown, four miles from Baltimore, on Thursday, the 29th of June, instead of the 20th, which was stated through mistake in our paper of the 10th, for *Two Thousand Dollars* the odd fight, and *Two Hundred Dollars* each battle. New York rules to govern. Great sport is anticipated.

☞ *To the Patrons of the Turf.*—We are requested by an unconscionable rogue of our acquaintance, to say that he is in possession of *complete* and *unblemished* files of the Spirit of the Times, for the years 1835 and 1836, and that he is willing to make over all right and title thereto for the sum of $20. When we remonstrated with him on the extravagance of his demand, he replied that he did not estimate a thing by what it cost, but by its intrinsic value, and added that there were dozens of gentlemen who would be happy to "post the blunt," to obtain a work which cannot be procured elsewhere for love or money. This was a "poser," and we felt there was nothing left for us but to announce his offer.

Races to Come.—Lauriat, a celebrated æronaut, is making preparations for a balloon race. An old friend, Isaac Edge, the Pyrotechnist, of New Jersey, is to be his competitor.

Blooded Stock.—We have heretofore neglected to notice that Messrs. Currin & Campbell have at their lot in the edge of Franklin, a large and fine young Durham bull, two years old, raised by Mr. Murdock of Ireland. They also have a large, splendid Leicester heifer, two years old, raised by the same gentleman. Mr. Murdock sent them out to the U. States as specimens of fine stock, valued at $1100. We hope the friends and those interested in the raising of fine stock will avail themselves of the present opportunity to improve their almost worthless and worn out stock of cattle. There is at the same lot some three quarter and a half Durhams, which show at once the great superiority of even the half Durhams to the common cattle. We therefore recommend the farmers to call and see those truly fine animals. Franklin (Tenn.) Review.

☞ The Newburg "oars" are to have a splendid regatta on the 27th. There are to be ten boats entered, six from New York, one from Fishkill and three from Newburg, with their respective crews. A handsome piece of plate pledged to the winner by the Newburg Amateur Association, is to be the prize.

A Ferocious Bandit.—A monster named McGuire, in Jackson County, Illinois, has been arrested for stabbing and killing a woman who lived with him in a shantee in the woods, in the capacity of wife. McGuire pursues hunting, and is said to have disposed of several women in the same manner. He was once hung up by a bridle under the Lynch law, and cut down on the supposition that he was dead; but he only feigned death, and was soon at his villainous work again.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The arrival of half a dozen English and French packet ships since our last publication, puts us in possession of a flood of foreign newspapers and magazines, from which our extracts are copious. As it frequently happens, the Liverpool packet of the 7th of May arrived before that of the 1st, and since the arrival of the latter, the packets of the 16th have brought our dates down to their day of sailing. The packet of the 1st brought us Bell's Life, and other sporting journals, containing reports of the *Newmarket First Spring Meeting*. The report is so long that we find it impossible to make room for it this week, and our readers must see the propriety of giving it a place in our columns before we publish the report of the *Second* Meeting, which we have now before us, as well as that of the Liverpool Craven, Chester, and several other important subsequent Meetings. A brief synopsis will doubtless be interesting to book-makers in this country, and to the many who take an interest in the affairs of the English Turf.

Monday, April 24.—Lord Suffield's *Alfred* beat the Duke of Richmond's *Pussy*, in a match, 200*l*., h. ft., D. I.

Lord Exeter's f. *Candia* won the sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, of 5 subs., at 10 sovs. each, T. Y. C., (Two Year old Course.)

Col. Peel's *Vulture* won the Handicap Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, of 8 subs., at 10 sovs. each, T. Y. C.

Col. Peel's *Zenana* beat Mr. Houldsworth's *Destiny*, a match for 100*l*., T. Y. C., in a canter.

Sir Mark Wood's *Tom Beasley* won the Fifty Pounds purse for 4 yr. olds, last three miles of B. C., beating Redshank, and Hectic easily.

Lord Tavistock's *Young Augustus* received ft. in a Sweepstakes of 3 subs., of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.

Lord Lichfield's f. *Cassandra*, by Priam, received ft. in a match of 100*l*., from Mr. Kent's *Ringlet*.

Mr. Greville's *Mango* vs. Col. Peel's c. by Lapdog, 200*l*. a-side—declared off by consent.

Tuesday, April 25.—The Duke of Richmond's *Pussy* won the King's Plate for mares, beating 3 others, R. C.

John Day's *Chapeau d'Espagne* won the Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each for 3 yr. old fillies, 4 subs., D. M.

The Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, a sub. of 100 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, 23 subs., was won by Lord Jersey's *Achmet*, (brother to Bay Middleton), beating John Day's *Mustee* 2d, and Lord Exeter's c. *Troilus*, by Priam, 3d. Six others started but were not placed.

Wednesday, April 26.—The Duke of Grafton's *Calmuck* beat Mr. Rogers' *Professor*, in a race for a purse of £50, for 4 yr. olds, B. C.

The Duke of Richmond's *Sepoy* won the sweepstakes of 6 subs., at 50 sovs. each, with 200 added, last 3 miles of B. C.

The Portland Handicap of 14 subs., at 100 sovs. each, h. ft., was won by Mr. John Day's *Venison*, beating seven others.

Thursday, April 27.—The King's Plate for 4 yr. olds, R. C. was also won by Mr. John Day's *Venison*.

Col. Peel's *Castaside* won a Sweepstakes of 4 subs., at 15. sovs each—first half of Ab. M.

The One Thousand Guinea Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., 15 subs., D. M. was won by John Day's *Chapeau d'Espagne*, beating half a dozen.

No other races of particular importance occurred, save one of *Rat-Trap's*, a colt by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, who was bred at Hampton Court, and sold there in 1835 for 90 gs. He won the Newmarket Stakes of 22 subs, at 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, D. M., beating a very strong field. He is now first favorite for the Derby, the odds being but 7 to 2 against him, while they are 5 to 1 vs. John Day's lot, 8 to 1 vs. Caravan, 10 to 1 vs. Wintonian—the same vs. Mango or Hybiscus, and 12 to 1 vs. *Achmet*, heretofore for several months first favorite. *Jereed* for a long time first or second favorite, has tumbled down in the odds; 40 to 1 is offered vs. him. For the Oaks, John Day's *Chapeau d'Espagne* is first favorite, 100 to 60 vs. her being the current price.

The *Liverpool Craven Meeting* commenced May 10th; Lord Stanley's ch. h. *Amurath* won the Aintree Stakes—Mr. Fox's b. c. *The Carpenter*, the Tradesmen's Cup—Sir T. S. M. Stanley's gr. f., by Dr. Syntax, the Wilton Stakes—Hon. T. O. Powlett's b. f., by Priam, the Maiden Plate—Mr. Fox's bl. c. *The Doctor*, the "Liverpool Spring St. Leger"—Mr. Peel's ch. c., *The Early Bird*, the Craven Stakes—The Marquis of Westminster's ch. c., by Pantaloon, a Sweepstakes of 4 subs., at 50 sovs. each, for foals of 1834—The Earl of Derby's *Amurath*, another rich Sweepstakes.

Subjoined are several interesting articles of intelligence from our English magazines and papers, including dates from 30th April to 16th May. The great difficulty of getting possession of our packages by the packets, after their arrival at this port, frequently prevents us from spreading our foreign extracts before our readers in their proper order, as is the case to-day. Our neighbors, too, are in the same unhappy predicament, and Maj. Noah, in the Evening Star, last Wednesday, had an article upon the subject, which we trust will serve to abate the nuisance complained of. We make no doubt packages for the editors of this city, are frequently opened during the passage; and when the vessel arrives it is impossible to ascertain where they are to be had, as after a week's delay they are sometimes found in the Custom House or the Post Office. The packet of the 1st brought us in one bundle eleven magazines and five newspapers, strongly enveloped with our address printed thereon, which after being kicked about from pillar to post for a week, with several other parcels for our city contemporaries, was brought to us by a pilot, who like Paul Pry, intending to do a good natured thing, undertook to place them in our hands ten minutes sooner than we should have got them through the ordinary channel, and would have done so had he not "promiscuously forgot" all about the matter, for a week.

Moonraker, the winner of the St. Albans Steeple Chase in 1832, is now running as leader in the Erin-Go-Bragh Liverpool and Birmingham coach, between Sandbach and Northwitch. Alas! for the "high-mettled racer."

A sporting Colonel in one of the principalities still keeps what is called an open house; so much so, indeed, that the first question he asks on his arrival at home every day, about bell-ringing time, is, "Who is here?"

Blood Foals.—On Sunday last, Mr. Bowe's Whisker mare, (Mustee's dam,) out of the dam of Mercutio and Bluebeard, produced an extraordinary good chesnut colt foal, by Langar, the value of which we may fairly calculate will be greatly enhanced on account of Mustee's good running for the 2000 guineas Stakes on Tuesday.—A few days previous, the Duchess of York (dam of Dahlia, Cactus, and Hybiscus), produced a very smart filly foal by Tomboy. Both mares are at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster.

Scott's Stable.—The following horses in John Scott's stable passed through London on Friday, on their way to Leatherhead:—Touchstone, Scroggins, Jereed, Vacuna, Capulet, Sambo, and Mickle Fell.

Sir Mark Wood.—We regret to state that this gentleman is laboring under severe illness, and that very little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The Jockey Club—Ten Years Old Bet.—A case was brought before the Jockey Club by Mr. Spring, the facts of which we understand to be as follows:—Ten years since Mr. Kayner betted 100 to 5 with Mr. S. respecting Matilda at Doncaster. Mr. R. lost, but had entered the matter so illegibly in his book that he could not decypher it; he therefore wrote to Mr. S. to know if there was any, and what bet pending between them. Mr. R. wrote from Nottingham, but, by accident, directed the reply to come to him post-office, *Derby*. There Mr. S. wrote, but Mr. R. never had the letter. Uneasy at his supposed silence, Mr. R. wrote again from Warwick, and his letter arriving when Mr. Spring was from home, was never answered by him. Mr. R. subsequently declared the bet off, as he could not see the party to ascertain its terms. After this great lapse of time, however, Mr. S. appealed to the Jockey Club; Mr. Rayner urged that he was unprepared, his book of that year was not with him, nor had he any witnesses at hand—not to speak of the probability of time and death having destroyed his evidences; however, the result has been a decision in favor of Mr. Spring, and there's an end of the matter.

Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. *Teresa*, by Langar, out of Lady of the Tees, by Octavian, arrived at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, on Thursday se'nnight, on her way to Leatherhead, where she will be trained, preparatory to her running for the Oaks.

Belshazzar.—We understand that the production of that superior bred horse Belshazzar, is proving remarkably excellent. Last week the worthy owner of the horse, (Wm. Allen, Esq., whose stock were advertised this Spring in the Spirit of the Times,) had five of his own mares foaled to him, and all colts of great substance. The mares were—Alice, by Langar; Ellen, by Starch, out of Cuirass; Jenny Sutton, by Soothsayer; Varia, by Lottery, or Arbutus; Capsicum mare, out of Acklam Lass. London Sunday Times, April 30.

Lord Waterford's Stud.

This nobleman's stud of steeple chace horses and hunters was sold on Monday at Hyde Park-corner, and fetched the following prices:—

	GS.		GS.		GS
Hallaton	150	Sir Gilbert	360	Rolla	71
Salt-fish	280	Zoe	100	Young Phantom h.	125
Priam	230	Sammivel	60	Grey horse	150
Cock Robin	270	Carrickshock	135		

All the above were sold; the following were bought in:—

Yellow Dwarf	205	Tulip	90	Jerry	57
Haycock	160	The Crow	100	Tipsy	45
Saladin	290	Conrad	250	Ch. Comus horse	205

Yellow Dwarf, Cock Robin, and Saladin are the well-known steeple-chacers.

Trotting Match for £50.—The Manchester race course was honored on Wednesday last by the presence of a greater number of sportsmen, with a good sprinkling of the "fair" sex, mounted on their best bits of blood, than has been seen there on any similar occasion, to witness a match which had caused a considerable degree of interest, between the bay horse *Guy Faux*, the property of Mr. Lee, of Bolton, and a bay mare that was engaged in the trotting stakes at Newton last year, and rode by the celebrated Jerry Needham, but was distanced in the first heat. Although the stake was not a very heavy one, yet the bets were considerable, and on the morning of the race the horse had the call; but when the mare showed on the course, with young Richardson as her pilot, the odds immediately wheeled about to five to four, the horse having a lad from Liverpool on his back, and it was conjectured he would be unable to keep him in, which afterwards turned out to be the case. After some time being lost in dodging for the inside, and in which the lad displayed all the tact of a Chifney, the toss of a halfpenny decided the point to the advantage of Guy, and away they paced, the horse taking the lead to the hill, where he broke, and the mare passed him, continued gaining ground, and was upwards of a hundred hards in advance the first round, which she performed in three minutes and three seconds. A hundred to one was offered, and no takers. She pursued her course at a rattling pace, without breaking, and completed the next round in two minutes and fifty-seven seconds, and the whole in six minutes, leaving old Guy more than a distance behind. Both nags are aged. The course is rather short of a mile, and the mare carried nearly 5 st. more than the horse. The steady riding of young Richardson on this occasion was greatly admired; indeed, it was such as cannot fail to place him at the top of the list as a rider on a "trotting prad;" and many good judges were of opinion that, had he crossed the other, the result would have been different. Guy Faux beat Mr. Labrey's mare a few months back on the Strelford road, with Needham on his back.

The Marquis of Waterford.—The Marquis of Waterford intends to proceed to Africa, for the purpose of lion hunting, for which sport he has collected a formidable train of bull-dogs, blood-hounds, &c. A gentleman some short time since, who was travelling in Upper Egypt, whilst exploring some of the ancient monuments, met with the following inscription:—"Marquis of Waterford, (1832), Gem yacht—Buy Warren's blacking and Dr. Eady's pills."

Mr. Kirby's mare Cora, (bred by R. O. Gascoigne, Esq.,) by Waxy, out of Vourneen, by Sorcerer, grandam Tooee, by Buzzard, died at his stables, York, on Monday last, in foaling a filly to Mulatto. The foal died also.

The Hon. Thomas Dundas's Orville mare, out of Heliantha, (the dam of Weldare,) has dropped a fine colt foal to The Physician.

Trotting.—On Wednesday next, May 2, a sporting match for 20 guineas, p. p., will come off on the Lee Bridge road, between a bay horse, *Master of the Rolls*, belonging to a sporting tradesman in Goodge-street, Tottenham Court-road, and the bay mare Phenomenon, the property of a celebrated horse-contractor, to meet at the Eagle, at Snaresbrook, at half-past three o'clock. The horse has done wonders in his trials, but this is his first public appearance. The mare is well known as having been placed second in the Trotting Sweepstakes for the Gold Cup at Lee in August last, when the crack Birmingham mare, under the name of *The Maid of Kent*, was distanced. Betting about even.

Sir. J. W. Stoape M'Canee's gr. c. the *King of Rome*, by Napoleon, arrived at the Salutation Inn, Doncaster, from Ireland, a short time since, on his route to Scott's stables, Whitewall Corner, near Malton. He is engaged in the St. Leger, and is reported to be a highly promising colt.

Tomboy.—We hear this justly-esteemed stallion is likely to have a most prosperous season at his stables, the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, having had the following celebrated mares started to him:—Lunatic, Bessy Bedlam, Mantilla, (sister to Green Mantle), Tesane, Duchess of York, (dam of Hybiscus), Malek Mare, (out of Melrose's dam), Camel Mare, Butterfly, Voltaire Mare, Sir Oliver Mare, Benevolence, by Figaro, and numerous others, and, we may add, from the very superior stock already dropped by him, he promises to become a fashionable as well as a valuable acquisition to the turf, they possessing those essential qualities of the racer, size, bone, and symmetry.

Lord Jersey's colt by Buzzard, out of Cobweb, (the dam of Achmet and Bay Middleton,) broke down at Newmarket on Wednesday morning, while sweating. He is a remarkably fine colt, and has already been backed in private for the Derby, 1838.

Robinson was unable to ride in the last meeting at Newmarket, his fall from Longinus having so far disabled him as to prevent his wasting.

A correspondent suggests to the Newmarket handicappers, that as the caravan horses have a great advantage over those that travel on foot, they ought to be considered in the weights.

Mr. Stacey is prepared to match his horse *Jim Crow*, for 100*l*. to 500*l*., to trot two miles on Sunbury Common against Mr. Clark's *Volunteer*, each party carrying what weight they please, to come off the first week in August.

Mr. Thornhill's *Egeria* and Lord Exeter's *Velure* are matched for 200*l*. each, h. ft., to run one mile in one of the October meetings at Newmarket, Velure receiving 7 lb.

Lord Chesterfield's *Fright* was sold at Newmarket on Thursday for 245 gs., and Mr. Greville's *Dacre* for 110 gs.

Pedestrianism.—On Wednesday last a young man engaged in the news trade, well known in the neighborhood of Camberwell and Norwood, undertook to run 42 miles in six hours, the distance to be performed over a measured mile on the Camberwell New road, from Kennington Oval-bar to the station-house on Camberwell-green. He started at 10 o'clock in the morning, and did the first four miles in something under half an hour; he found, however, the job much easier to talk of than execute He kept "on moving" until half-past one, and then relinquished the undertaking, having performed between 26 and 27 miles of the distance. It was said to be for 20*l*.

A correspondent of Bell's Life says that the Marquis of Waterford is not building a new yacht called the *Gem*. The Gem is the name of his old one, which he has sold for 1800 guineas. His new yacht is called the *Charlotte*, a splendid brig of near 300 tons, in the Surrey Canal, late the property of —— Powell, Esq., of the R. Y. S.

Pedestrianism.—A correspondent informs us that Gillett walked his ten mile match on Thursday in one hour and thirty-four minutes, on the Lea Bridge-road, over 2½ miles of ground. The first five miles were done in 48 minutes, and the second five miles in 46 minutes. Although out of condition, he did the first mile in eight minutes, and the second in eight minutes and a half.

Mr. John Day's *Mustee* died at Stockbridge on Friday week of inflammation. He ran second to *Achmet* for the 2000 Guineas Stakes, and was included in John Day's Derby of five. Bell's Life in London, May 14.

Mr. Foster's *Longinus* died a few days ago at Newmarket of inflammation, after being castrated. Had the operation been performed a month sooner James Robinson would have been saved an awkward accident, and been on *Achmet* and *Rat-trap* in their races for the 2000 gs. and Newmarket Stakes, besides being a richer man by at least 150*l*.

The Marquis of Waterford.—The following paragraph, after all the mad pranks of this Irish nobleman, cannot but excite pity:

The Marquis of Waterford has lost a leg and an eye by the explosion of a cannon. His Lordship was superintending the launching of his splendid yacht, which occasion he recklessly applied his cigar to the priming. The recoil of of the piece broke his leg in so shocking a manner that amputation was immediately performed.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

Some trials which have recently taken place will account for a portion of the changes that occurred at the West End on Sunday last, and at Tattersall's on Monday and Thursday. On the first day Caravan rose three or four points, Mickle Fell was in great force, Phosphorus was backed at 20 and 22 to 1, and Chapeau d'Espagne at 5 to 2; the general business, however, was not heavy enough to require a detail. Monday was a bustling day for the Derby betters, and made some amends for the dullness of the betting at Newmarket. Rat Trap and John Day's lot were backed at 7 to 2 each for a considerable amount, but did not leave off at all in advance of the odds offered against them at Newmarket on Friday. John Day's lot are understood to include five only. Hybiscus gave way a point less than we had expected after Rat Trap's running, and the sorry exhibitions made by Dardanelles, Troilus, and Velure; Caravan, backed at 8 to 1 to a small amount, was not so much in request as might have been calculated on from the alteration in the odds; Achmet had a small party of friends, and Wintonian, powerfully supported, rose to 12 to 1, with an improving look at the close of the day; 15 to 1 was taken several times about Defender in spite of his numerous infirmities, and 20 to 1 about Phosphorus, notwithstanding he ran a bad second to Rat Trap; 14 to 1 was offered, and in one instance 16 to 1 betted against Mango; Mickle Fell was backed at 15 to 1 and Jereed, but at such conflicting prices that we have quoted the odds with some hesitation. Sambo, recommended no doubt by being kept in a warm stable during the cold weather, was feebly supported at 40 to 1, and strange as it may seem, there are still people to be found who insist that "he is sure to come."—20 to 1 offered against Mahometan, of whom, perhaps, we shall hear more when Whitefoot returns from his mission to Newmarket. Slight was backed at 30 to 1, and left off at five points less.

THE OAKS.—Offers to take 5 to 2 about Chapeau, and 6 to 1 about Egeria, but not a bet made.

On Thursday betting was not by any means so brisk, although two or three alterations of some consequence arose. The odds taken about Rat Trap and John Day's lot on Monday were now offered, and nothing done about either under 4 to 1. Hybiscus and Caravan at 8 to 1 each were not in force. Wintonian was backed by the same gentleman to whom his gradual advance during the last three or four weeks is attributable, and closed very little behind Hybiscus in actual favor. Mango opened at 12 to 1, which was taken three or four times in ponies and fifties; 2200 to 200 was then betted, and at this price he finished. Several twelves to one were accepted about Achmet, and a small bet at 10½ to 1, after the ring was broken up, 11 to 1 perhaps, being a fair average at the close. Mickle Fell at 14, and Defender at 15 to 1, were backed with some show of spirit in the early part of the afternoon, but their friends dropped off as it advanced, and the odds were afterwards offered currently; indeed, we saw as much as 18 to 1 in fifties laid against Storkbridge nag. Benedict and Jereed were backed 18 to 1 each; the takers, however, did not persevere, and these prices must be received as "offered." Amongst the others there was a slight retrogression, no money having been sent into the market to keep them in their places except in the case of Wisdom, and there it failed to stop the movement. Nothing whatever done in the Oaks.

MONDAY.	THE DERBY.	THURSDAY.
7 to 2 —— (taken)	John Day's lot	4 to 1 —— (taken)
7 to 2 —— (taken)	Rat Trap	4 to 1 —— (taken)
—— —— ——	Scott's lot	8 to 1 —— ——
7 to 1 —— ——	Hybiscus	8 to 1 —— ——
8 to 1 —— (taken)	Caravan	8 to 1 —— ——
12 to 1 —— (taken)	Wintonian	10 to 1 —— (taken)
11 to 1 —— (taken)	Achmet	11 to 1 —— ——
14 to 1 —— ——	Mango	11 to 1 —— (taken)
15 to 1 —— (taken)	Mickle Fell	14 to 1 —— ——
15 to 1 —— (taken)	Defender	15 to 1 —— ——
16 to 1 —— ——	Benedict	18 to 1 —— ——
20 to 1 —— ——	Jereed	18 to 1 —— ——
16 to 1 —— ——	Wisdom (Victoria)	20 to 1 —— ——
20 to 1 —— (taken)	Phosphorus	25 to 1 —— ——
25 to 1 —— ——	Slight	25 to 1 —— ——
20 to 1 —— ——	Mahometan	—— ——
33 to 1 —— ——	Delusion	40 to 1 —— (taken)
—— —— ——	Critic	50 to 1 —— (taken)
40 to 1 —— ——	Sambo	40 to 1 —— ——
—— —— ——	Pickwick	1000 to 15 —— (taken)

THE OAKS.

—— —— ——	Chapeau d'Espagne	2 to 1 —— ——

BETS ON MONDAY.—1000 even between Mango and Defender; 250 to 50 against Victoria, Wintonian, and Defender; 275 to 200 against Rat Trap and John Day's lot; 700 to 200 against Rat Trap, and the same against John Day's lot in one bet; 10,000 to 200 against Rat Trap, Chapeau d'Espagne, and Henriade winning the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger; 10,000 to 200 against Rat Trap, Chapeau, and Cardinal Puff for the same events; 1000 to 20 against Rat Trap, Egeria, and Henriade for ditto.

BETS ON THURSDAY.—845 to 130 against Wintonian and Defender; 450 to 100 against Caravan and Mickle Fell; 500 even, and afterwards 600 to 500 on Wintonian against Mango; 500 even between Jereed and Phosphorus; 500 to 25 against Caravan and Egeria winning the Derby and Oaks; 500 to 25 against Caravan and Chapeau for same.

Bell's Life in London, May 7.

NEWMARKET MOVEMENTS.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London—Sir,—Achmet and Darius left on Saturday last, and would reach Epsom on Wednesday; Flare-up remaims here, some say for the R. M. Plate on Tuesday, but nothing positive is known as to whether he will run for it, or, in any case, go for the Derby. Col. Peel's lot left on Monday; it consisted of Clifton, Garcia, Slane, Castaway, Zenana, and Fantastic. Venison and The Drummer also left on Monday per van. Lord Chesterfield's Derby colt, out of Miss Clifton, started on Wednesday, but Sambo remains here; they say he will go with Mr. Ridsdale's horses, but I doubt very much whether his backers will see him on Epsom Downs this year. He has plenty of walking exercise by himself. Lord and Lady Suffield slept here on Wednesday night, and yesterday morning his Lordship saw Caravan take a strongish gallop; this horse looks and goes amazingly well—he is a very Derby-like nag, and sure to be forward; he will leave about Monday next. Mango left yesterday afternoon with Helga, Hock being amiss; his party thinks he is sure to be in the first division. Rat Trap has had a dose of physic since his race, and is going on well; so are Hybiscus, Egeria, and, in fact, nearly all the horses here. Slight is expected to run for Tuesday's plate; he is a promising colt to look at. Robinson is better, and in hopes of being better mounted at Epsom than he was at Longinus. The weather is fine, and the course in good order.

Newmarket, Friday, May 5. Yours, &c. X. X.

EXTRAORDINARY MATCH AGAINST TIME.

On the 22d of March last a bet of 100*l.* was made at one of the principal Club houses at the West End, that a noble Marquis, well-known in the sporting circles, did not, within six weeks, produce a man who could run four miles in twenty-one minutes and a half, without interruption. As the Marquis did not himself know of such a man, Frank Redmond, and others, were employed to seek the phenomenon required. Frank, knowing that Drinkwater, who is well known at Manchester by the cognomen of "Dicky Misfortune," was "an out-and-outer," sought him, and finding that he was confident of his powers, chose him for the task, and on Monday last the event came off a little beyond Barnet, in the presence of a select few of the parties interested in the match, to whom the knowledge of the effort was confined.

One o'clock was the hour appointed for the rondezvous, at the Duke of York, Galley Corner, on the high York road, and within a short distance of Hadley high stone. Drinkwater, who had not yet been seen by his backer, was ready for the start at the time appointed; but much to his disadvantage, the parties did not arrive till half-past two, when a splendid cavalcade of post carriages and fours-in-hand reached the spot, their progress having been delayed by an accident, which threatened serious consequences. A gentleman, one of the outside passengers on the leading four-in-hand drag, being alarmed at "the pace," jumped off at Finchley, when, unfortunately, as he lay on the ground, the wheels of an omnibus passed over his thighs. Great alarm was felt till he was seen to jump up almost scathless, having only received some severe bruises, the omnibus very fortunately being light loaded, and quick in its progress. The unfortunate victim of his own temerity was game enough to wish to proceed; but, by the advice of his friends, he was persuaded to return to town. On reaching the appointed spot, a chain was produced, and a clear mile mathematically measured backwards and forwards, so as to secure the given distance to an inch, and it was agreed that the man should run over this ground out and it, to touch a gentleman placed at each end. Umpires and a time-keeper (a noble Lord) having been appointed, and all in readiness for the start, Redmond brought his man to the ground, and for the first time exhibited him to the parties interested. He is about five feet four inches in height, and very muscular, but does not show much breeding, nor can he boast of the beauty of an Adonis. He had complained of being kept so long without food; but he exhibited great confidence. He was naked with the exception of drawers and slippers.

Precisely at eighteen minutes after three the word "go" was given, and away he went like an arrow from a bow, doing the first two miles in ten minutes and twenty seconds, and the next two miles in ten minutes fifty seconds, having full twenty seconds to spare. He was dreadfully exhausted, and fell into Redmond's arms, and was extremely sick, from the wind having got on his stomach, owing to his unintentional abstinence. He soon, however, recovered, and having been taken to the Duke of York, went to bed for a short time, and returned to town the same evening. All parties, even the losers, were much pleased with the extraordinary speed which had been exhibited, and a liberal remuneration was given to Drinkwater. The noble Marquis, we understand, has netted something handsome by his speculation, to which, as a generous promoter of British sports, he is well entitled. The condition of Drinkwater was first-rate, and we understand he can now be backed against any man in the world, to do the same distance, for from 100*l.* to 500*l.*; the money is ready at Frank Redmond's, the George and Dragon, Greek-street, Soho.

Bell's Life in London, 7th May.

EPSOM.—The approaching meeting here is expected to be the fullest ever known. Lord Suffield has taken Down Hall for the race week, together with the splendid stables belonging to the house. Lord Exeter's lot will be at Epsom Warren, as usual. John Day's, Cooper's, and Sadler's lots, at Farrall's stables. Rat Trap is expected daily at Down Hall. The Innkeepers (especially mine host of the Eagle) are beginning to be on the alert, and are "girding up their loins" for the approaching conflict.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. f. by Priam (winner of the Produce at Doncaster), out of Miss Fanny's dam, by Orville, left Doncaster on Sunday last, on her route to Epsom, where she is engaged in the Oaks.

Mr. Dawson's *Locomotive* passed through Doncaster on Thursday morning, on his return from the South, on his way to the stables of his owner, at Breckongill Lodge, near Middleham.

TROTTING.—The match for 50*l.* between Mr. Letton's (of Cheltenham) mare, *Saucy Sall*, and Mr. Burford's horse *Sailor Boy*, to trot twenty miles (each to ride their own horses), came off on Friday, 5th inst., according to agreement. The 20 miles was done by Mr. Letton's mare in one hour and 16 minutes, winning the match by one minute. The horse is since dead.

THE 300 STONE MATCH.

TOWNSEND AND DRINKWATER.—The whole of the stakes for the match between Old Townsend and Drinkwater, to pick up 300 stones a yard apart, on Lord's Ground, St. John's Wood, to-morrow, was made good at Tom Spring's, on Wednesday night, in the presence of a full attendance of pedestrian amateurs. Drinkwater was present, but Townsend, remained at his training quarters at Norwood, unwilling to throw a chance away, and having slightly sprained his ancle in one of his trials. The start is to take place between the hours of 8 and 9 in the morning; and as a beautiful gravel path surrounds the ground, the stones will be placed to the right and to the left, so as to avoid collision. The whole of the distance will be roped, to keep off intruders, and every precaution will be taken to preserve order. A retiring room is prepared for each man, to which he can go for rest or refreshment. Drinkwater's extraordinary performance at Barnet on Monday makes him a strong favorite, but we have not heard of any very extensive betting. There have been some bets on time, even that the winner does it in ten hours; and the odds increasing, that it is not done in eight hours and a half. The whole distance going and fetching the stones, which are to be placed in a basket at one end, is upon the progressive principle of the thirty-two nails in a horse-shoe, computed at 51 miles, 540 yards; but, adding to this the effort of stooping by Drinkwater, and picking up the stones with his mouth by Townsend, the labor to both will be far greater than if they had to go the distance right out. Drinkwater is a short muscular fellow, and one of the quickest runners of the present day; lasting qualities, however, are more important than speed in this match. A vast crowd of the admirers of athletic exercises is expected to be present, including many persons of high rank.—As a proof of Townsend's confidence in his own powers, he has bet 5*l.* to 4*l.* that on the same evening after this Herculean match, win or lose, he will stand upon one leg, in the parlor of Mr. Boror, the White Hart, in Fetter-lane, between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock. Townsend will show this evening at Springs, from whence he will proceed to Lord's to-morrow morning.

FOOT STEEPLE CHASE.

The rage for steeple chasing seems to be on the increase, having now extended itself from the equestrian to the pedestrian order. A sporting match amongst the latter class took place near this city on Thursday last, and excited considerable interest amongst numerous spectators who were attracted by the novelty of the sight. The match was for a sweepstakes, for which twelve gentlemen entered themselves. The starting point was in a meadow in front of the New Inn, at Tuffley, from whence the course chosen was to a pole erected on the line of the Cheltenham and Great Western Railway, having rounded which, the line was continued in nearly a straight direction to the winning point at Quedgely Church, a distance altogether of about two miles and a half, and comprising 22 hedges, two lanes, and three brooks. The conditions were that no one was to go through, or over any gate, stile, or rail, or go more than fifty yards along any road or pathway.

At five o'clock, immediately after the line had been shown to them, the following gentlemen then started, namely, Messrs. St. Aubyn, Wemyss, Hale, Bailey, Niblett, Hayward, and another. On the word "off," being given, they started well together, and there was not much difference in getting over the two first fences. The pace then became quicker, St. Aubyn, Hayward and Bayley, showing a little in advance, and the former being the first round the pole; soon after this Bailey lamed himself by a thorn, but though his chance was gone, he continued to run on to the end. On getting to the first lane, St. Aubyn was the first in, and Hayward the first out of it, followed by Hale. They now neared the first brook, which St. Aubyn took in capital style, and was the first over.—[A volunteer who followed St. Aubyn was not quite so fortunate, but plumped in the middle to the detriment of his white cords]. Hayward was the second over the brook, which he charged gallantly, but unluckily he alighted in the middle of a thick bramble bush, where he was detained long enough to have built a bird's nest had he been so disposed, and was thus thrown somewhat behind in the race. The rest got well over, Hale leading the second lot. They now made play over several fences, till they got to an up-hill piece of wheat, where "bellows" to mend seemed the order of the day with all of them. A short distance now brought them to the second brook which they all cleared well, St. Aubyn still leading. Having topped two or three more fences they approached the last leap which was a regular teazer, consisting of a hedge and brook, the hedge being on the taking-off side with an awkward declivity leading to it. By diverging a little to the left St. Aubyn got over easily, but Hayward, who was by this time close upon him, charged the fence and brook at nearly the widest part, and cleared it in excellent style. The others, except Bayley, formed an acquaintance more or less intimate with the brook, to the great disturbance of the mud. The race between St. Aubyn and Hayward now became highly interesting, the finish being a run in, without impediment, of about three hundred yards, which St. Aubin won by about ten yards.

The distance was done in about nineteen minutes. Mr. G. M. Lander fixed upon the line, and officiated as umpire, together with Mr. Woodhouse. We know not whether any of the competitors are graduating at either of the universities, but looking to the goal this appears to have been a very legitimate steeple-chase.

Gloucester Journal.

Rifle Shooting.

GRAND MATCH FOR A DIAMOND CROSS.—There way a beautiful day's play on Thursday, at Chalk-farm, amongst the crack riflemen, for a very handsome diamond cross set in silver, and given as the award of championship, open to all England, each year. The attendance at an early hour in the day was very considerable, and there were plenty of good men on the ground, yet many were deterred from entering in consequence of their knowledge of the superiority of some of the members present. At two o'clock the sport commenced. The shooting was from the shoulder, twenty-four rounds, at 200 yards distance. The following was the result of the day's play:—

NAMES.	BULL'S EYES.	HITS.
Mr. H. Moore	3	20
Margary	3	16
Bentham	3	11
A. Margary	2	16
Patherwood	2	15
John	2	15
Chantry	6	12
Golding	2	9
Dann	1	10
Watts	0	0

Mr. Moore, the gunmaker, of the Edgware-road, was the winner, and shot with his newly-invented rifle.

The day's sports passed off well.

The Single-Stick Match at Chalk-Farm.

On Monday, the admirers of this ancient pastime assembled at Chalk-farm, to witness the exertions of the Somerset and Devon candidates for fame. There was a total absence of regularity and management, so much so, as to induce many of the company to depart after the second bout. Indeed the time between each turn must have made something very near approaching to three quarters of an hour. What the contest was for it is impossible to say, but the placards announced that the sum of 50*l.* was to be the reward of the man who could break all their heads, and keep his own whole. As a sport, it appears that he who has the "thickest sconce" stands the best chance; and one of the competitors was tapped so often without any visible effect, that the majority of the visitors were of opinion that he had "nothing in his head at all." The first bout was between Pearce and Blading, and an awkward affair enough. There was plenty of hard hitting, but no points worthy of comment. Pearce succeeded in verifying the beautiful song, "Flow thou regal purple stream," by giving his adversary a very severe cut on the left side of the head, which did not need the inspection of the umpires.

The second bout was certainly a specimen of science; it was between Stone and Rood. The former is universally considered one of the best single-stick players in England, and Hood had the advantage of power and length. The play was pretty, and after three visitations to his opponent's "upper story," Stone was declared the winner.

The third turn was with Hobbs and Davis. The former an old man, and the latter a young one, "too fast for a four mile heat," or anything else, although, as it was proved by sad experience, too slow for anything in the shape of single-stick. They were at it for about an hour, and a more namby-pamby exhibition could not have been imagined. It was bout bout every minute, and they went through the interesting ceremony of shaking hands about sixty times. The patience of the spectators was worn out, and Stacey, a crack man, doffed his coat, and went in the ring, withdrawing the two men, and leaving the affair undecided. Davis was evidently the better man, but there was a want of system about his play.

Stacey and Andrews certainly compensated for the deficiency of their predecessors. It was a pretty, masterly specimen, divested of the severity which occasionally characterises this amusement. They were beginning the fifth turn, when Andrews exclaimed, "I'm satisfied, quite satisfied—don't you see it."—The blood was trickling down his forehead.

There were two or three other shows, and the assembled hundreds did not depart until dark.

Billiard Balls.—As all billiard balls are made of ivory, and as in every mass of that substance there are always some parts more solid than others, there is not a single ball, perhaps, which has the centre of gravity exactly in the centre of the figure. On this account every ball deviates more or less from the line in which it is impelled, when a slight motion is communicated to it, in order to make it proceed towards the other side of the billiard table, unless it should happen that the heaviest part is placed at the top or bottom. An eminent maker of these balls declares that he has never been able to find one ball perfectly free from the fault now described. Hence it is that when a player strikes the ball gently, he often imagines that he has struck it, that is, played badly, while his want of success is entirely the consequence of this fault of the ball. A good billiard-player, before he engages to play, ought carefully to try the ball, in order to discover the heaviest and lightest parts.

Walker's Games and Sports.

FOOT RACE AT LICHFIELD.—On Tuesday a fine race for 100 yards came off in this city, between a fraction of humanity, vulgarly termed Snip, and a practitioner of the art which claims a Guttenburg or a Faust as its inventor. Previous to the appearance of Typo and the decimal on the ground, bets were decidedly in favor of the latter; but here matters underwent a change. He of the "black art" seemed quite a "nonpareil" in form, having, for that day at least, "well justified" himself by some of Dr. Franklin's "good rules," preferring aqua vitæ to his usual beverage of "half and half," with an admixture of max. Snip, on the contrary, was quite "out of register," and looked as dejected as if he had not partaken of "cabbage" for a month. Indeed it was evident that his trainers had, by too much anxiety for his bodily welfare, overshot their mark, proving, in this case at least, that an adherence to the rules of a temperance society is not calculated to increase the speed even of a tailor. Betting now was in favor of Typo; 6 to 4 offered, but no takers. On the signal for starting being given, some little bungling took place, but ultimately Typo shot a-head, as if pursued by a Bow-street officer, leaving Snip a yard or two short of measure. With many of the inhabitants of Lichfield these amusements excite a considerable degree of interest; several matches of a similar kind are on the "tapis." Among others, two weighty knights of the steel, whose fame has extended from their own slaughter-houses—the one at the back of Tamworth-street, the other in Sandford-street—to the bowling-green-field, are pitted against each other, for half a score pounds sterling. One of the parties is said to be nearly of as much corporeal importance as any of the members of the "Spectator's Fat Club," and the lighter is not much deficient. "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."

BOAT ROWING—*Eton and Westminster.*—A boat race between the Eton and Westminster students took place on Thursday, which, from the circumstance of the Etonians having been victorious in a former match excited unusual interest. Datchet bridge was fixed on as the place to start from, and the distance was one mile and a quarter down the stream and back. At four the banks of the Thames were lined with thousands of spectators, and at a quarter past four the shouts of the people announced the arrival of his Majesty and the Princess Augusta and suite. Both crews pulled past, and saluted his Majesty previous to starting; and at half-past four, on a signal, away they went in gallant style. Westminster got the lead at starting, which they maintained to the point of turning, when the Etonians electrified them a little by bearing down on their quartering; a struggle ensued for the lead, which the Westminsters were getting, when, with great tact, the Etonians twisted their stern, and ran the Westminster across the water; another ensued, when the strength of Westminster now became apparent, they got the lead, and won by about five boats' lengths.

Lord Jersey's colt by Cuzzard, out of Cobweb (the dam of Achmet and Bay Middleton), broke down at Newmarket on Wednesday week, while sweating. He is a remarkably fine colt, and has already been backed in private for the Derby, 1838.

Horse races are to take place this year at Dieppe. Lord H. Seymour, the grand patron of this sport with our neighbors, has promised to send some horses, and also to give a stake of 1200 francs.

The Duke of Wellington, it is said, subscribes 600*l.* a-year towards the Vine hounds.

LOVE, REVENGE, AND LOYALTY.

Napoleon's brothers were fond of the fair sex. One of them had visited incog. the wife of a captain of the Imperial guard, when the husband unexpectedly came in, and surprised the guilty pair. His jealousy overcoming his prudence, he drew his sword, and was on the point of running them both through the body, when the thoughtless waiting maid, who had given him admission, and followed close at his heels, placed herself between the irritated husband and his victims, and not knowing how to parry the mortal blow, exclaimed, "Stay, this is the Emperor's brother!"

This announcement, confirmed by perceiving the physiognomy of ——, who turned round, appalled the captain. He hesitated; his wife screamed out, people came in, and —— escaped and shut himself up in another room. The new Vulcan rushed towards the door, and roared out to the embryo god of war—"You shall not quit this place until you have pledged your word of honor that you will give me satisfaction for this injury. The Prince gallantly accepted the challenge, and it was settled that the meeting should take place the next morning.

The report of this adventure was, in an hour afterwards, transmitted to the private cabinet of the Minister of Police. His Excellency ordered his carriage, and proceeded immediately to the Tuileries, and having obtained admittance to his Majesty, requested his commands as to what steps should be taken.

"Why," said Napoleon, "whosoever has drawn the wine must drink it. To insult a captain of my old guard—a surly fellow, too...... I know the whole story. He is a very brave man."

"But, Sire, a brother of the Emperor cannot accept a challenge."

"Very true; but by all that is bad, why did he not address himself to the wife of one of our Generals? Ninety out of a hundred would have said to him,—'Many thanks to you, Prince; when will your Imperial Highness condescend to return?' But an obscure captain does not understand matters in the same way as a courtier. Men of their class are supporters of the throne, but not the Prince's friends...... Let the injured husband be ordered to attend me."

Then, as if regretting that he had indulged in so severe a sarcasm, he laid hold of the minister's button-hole, and said to him in a bantering tone of voice, "When I spoke of those who would ask no better than to re-enact the part of Sieur Baureau, of happy memory, I was wrong in only alluding to military men; I ought to have included my civil household, even the Council of State, and Ministers to boot."

The Minister of Police proceeded to execute his order. The captain presented himself with a pale and dejected countenance, bearing, however, the impress of inflexible severity.

"Captain," said Napoleon, "I sent for you to beseech you would grant to your old general the pardon of his guilty brother."

"Ah, Sire, these words harrow up my soul."

"I can well understand that blood only can wipe away so deep an injury; but you would have to slay the brother of Napoleon—of your sovereign! This would not be allowed; neither would you go through the jugglery of cork balls. In short, you have been made to suffer what you formerly inflicted on some one else.—The law of reprisals. Bear with it."

"But, Sire——"

"But, captain, have you understood me? I forbid the duel; and I in person demand the pardon of my brother; if this does not satisfy you—zounds, you will have to deal with me. Let us draw and settle the matter between us."

The officer burst into tears like a child, and fell at the feet of the Emperor, who hastened to raise him from the ground.

"Ah, Sire," said he, "though you do not repair my injured honor, you distinguish me above all earthly monarchs. I release your brother from his pledge; the Minister of War will please accept my resignation."

"Assuredly not, captain; he shall do no such thing; heroes such as you should only die on the field of battle."

Immediately after this conversation the captain departed to join his regiment. No mark of favor was granted him at the moment, but care was taken to promote him as soon as his right of seniority gave him a title to advancement. The Emperor was so solicitous on this subject, that the captain was in 1814 a colonel, and a commander of the Legion of Honor.

Napoleon then sent for his brother, whom he reprimanded, and at last said to him with a smile, "Men in your position should only court a woman with the previous consent of her husband."

Cambaceres.

Specimens and Patterns of Dinner Speeches,

OFFERED FOR PUBLIC USE.

Dinner speeches are extremely to our purpose. There might be patterns for them as easily as for the plates. Take the following for returning thanks, instead of humming and hawing, and drawing out an unnecessary chain of sentences; what should hinder any person of gratitude from showing a proper sense of his audience's time and attention, by delivering himself with a pregnant brevity; as thus:—"Gentlemen—Feel it impossible—Proudest day of my Life—Honorable gentlemen who—Those feelings which—Extremely obliged—Happiness—All your healths in return." If the company met for the purpose to make speeches, or to compliment one another (pretty nearly the same thing) something longer must be allowed for the sake of all parties. The following patterns would do.

Chairman's Speech.—"Totally inadequate—Some other more worthy—Your pleasure—My modesty—Will for deed—Inspiring occasion—Illustrious friend—Head an heart—Thoughts which—Considerations which—Those feelings which—All, I am sure—When I name the name of Jenkins [shouts of applause]—Hasten to conclude—Happiness to propose—Health, gentlemen, of our worthy, illustrious, eloquent, independent, loyal, interesting, agreeable, modest, and consummate friend, Sir Thomas Jenkins. [Cheers—three times three],"

Speech of Sir Thomas Jenkins.- Quite overwhelmed—Most unaffectedly say—Proudest day of my life—Latest day of my life—Heir-loom—Honorable and admirable friend who—Flattering things which—Those things which—Defy any man to say—Can safely say—When I look round me.—Rank and talent—Illustrious friend on my right—Incomparable friend on my left—Worthy chairman—However unworthy myself. [Cheers]. All of you perfect. [Deafening applause]. Cannot conclude better—Propose the health of our worthy, excellent, pure, upright, downright, indefatigable, simple-minded, inimitable friend, Sir George Tomkins. [Vociferous applause—three times three]."

Speech of Sir George Tompkins.—"Cannot express—Feel it here—Doubly welcome—Grace this meeting—After eloquent speech—Humble endeavors—Proud sensations—Those persons who—Questions which—Insinuations which—Times like ours—Understandings like yours—Common, if we may use the expression—Immortal bard—Challenge any person—Gallant officer—Words of my illustrious friend—Cannot conclude better—Propose the health of our truly noble, fine-hearted, fine-headed, graceful, useful, ornamental, high-minded, example-giving, facetious and superior friend, Earl Hipkins. [Cheers—long applause—three times three]."

Speech of Earl Hipkins.—"Totally want words—Highly honored—Deeply affected—Bosom—Carry it home with me—Children—Posterity—Celebration—Displays of talent—Worthy chairman—Illustrious friends—Gallant officers—Brilliant assembly—British nation [cheers]—Fair sex [continued cheers]—Under the rose [a laugh]—Moral order—Arguments which—Events which—Things which no man that—That which, I am sure, no gentleman that—Effects of this day—Will not take up your time—One word more—Presume to differ—Delight to agree—Sorry to be informed—Happy to hear—Long pull and strong pull—Immortal bard—Distinguished living writer—Homely but acute proverb—Valuable Time—Found at my post—Words unnecessary—English hearts—Bumper at parting—Health of our worthy, solid, polite, thinking, drinking, impartial, indefatigable, paternal, private, public, plain-hearted, and prodigious chairman. [Riotous applause—three times three. Chairman returns thanks—New chairman—Songs—Festivity—Late hour]." New Monthly Magazine.

Neck or Nothing.—Well, I'm blowed, but I wish I was young again, and alongside that ere Russian Ought-to-crack—that's all! How old Blow-hard Bill, as we calls him, laughed when we was a takin' our toddy t'other night, and I speechified a spell on the matter, as 'twas set forth in the newspapers.

"Pretty business this here, old fellow," says I.

"Aye, the *Wixen*," says he, and away he goes, slewing the spoon round and round in his tumbler, and making as much spatter as a donkey drinking in a frog nursery. "Douse my glim, but we're advancing backwards, crab fashion." He says at last, "If I'd my will, one of our old seventy-fours should capsize the basin and ewer of that ere Mister Nicholas's dressing-table with her spanker boom, d——n me! and then knock about the other traps with a broadside, just to make him civil spoken like."

And Bill was parfectly right. The lubber with his furs and snowballs should be sarved out. If there aren't a dust kicked up, we'll have the old first of June and Trafalgar chaps turning round in their wet graves, and my eyes, if 'tis any wonder.

"I wish I wor in Parlyment, Bill," says I, as he handed me the 'baccy pipe.

"What," he says, "'mong the fellers wot holds the great palaver, and spin fathom yarns; aye, and sometimes turns to for a spell o' scoldin' 'gainst each other, d——d ondecent like."

"Aye, aye, Bill, good holding ground there though, if you gets in the wake of the first rate. Stop my grog, but I'd 'splain all about it, how 'twasn't by being claper-clawed by old Nick abroad, playing his tricks, and scoring sodgers backs at home, we was advancin' the nation's glory. They should hear my argifying, for I'm blowed but their Post Admiral, the speaker man, as sits in the starn sheets, would show fair play—his namesake afore him liked above board work—and as for them ere hopposition snivellers, wot were once drawing waisters wages. If them chaps started an oration, I'd just say—'You haul taught your jaw tackles, and be d——d.' Well, then, Bill, arter I'd told 'em my mind 'bout our 'foreign relations,' (not friends, though, d——n me,') I'd overhaul the coils of the church disputation, and ship all the Dutch starned rosy gilled fellows as looked too well provisioned, and found; aye, disrate 'em all. I wish I wor in Parlyment, Bill."

"What ship's that?" says Bill, drowsy-like, and dropping his pipe; so I seed he was a flabbergasted, and clapped a stopper over all. Lomas's Land Log.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Trustee, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1831, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

Mo. 17—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No 19—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

FOR SALE.

TWO THOROUGHBRED FILLIES, 4 years old this Spring. They are only halter broke, never having been backed.

No. 1. A brown filly, of fine size, with plenty of bone and sinew, and in good form. She was got by Eagle, her dam Lady Mar, (the dam of the honest running horse Lara), grandam by Imp. Citizen, g. grandam by Quicksilver, (he by old Medley, out of a Wildair,) g. g. grandam by Selim, g. g. g. grandam by Fearnought. Price $500.

No. 2. A Chesnut filly, by Eagle, her dam by Thornton's Rattler, grandam by Escape, her g. grandam Young Adeline, by Topgallant; her dam (Col. Tayloe's celebrated running mare Adeline) by Imp. Spread Eagle; her dam by Whistle Jacket; her dam by Old Rockingham; her dam by Old Cub; her dam the famous Lady Northumberland. Escape was by Col. Hoome's imported horse Horns (he by Precipitate) his dam by Imp. Bedford, his grandam Gasteria (full sister to Gas, imported by Col. Hoomes,) was by Balloon, he by old Highflyer. This filly is not tall, but is strong, and in fine running form. Price $500.

Eagle, the sire of these fillies, was bred by the late Stephen Hunt, of New Jersey. Eagle was got by old Sir Solomon, his dam by Imp. Honest John, (he by Sir Peter Teazle), grandam Zelipha, by old Messenger, then tracing up to the same ancestry with Rattler, Sumpter, Flirtilla, &c. In consequence of the death of Mr. Hunt, Eagle was not trained. He was full brother to the celebrated running mare Roxana.

If the above described fillies are not sold previous to the first meeting at the Philadelphia and Camden Race Course, (last week in May,) they can be seen there.

For further information, apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway, New York, or to Gen. C. IRVINE, the breeder of them, at Philadelphia.

May 1, 1837. [m6]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—JUNE. 1837.

CONTENTS—*Original Papers.*—The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; Sunrise and Sunset; Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 5; Rose to the Dead; Von Jung, the Mystific; The Betrayed; A Legend of Charlemagne; Schiller's Wilhelm Tell; A Death Scene; The Totem; Vanderlyn.

Critical Notices.—Lockhart's Life of Scott; An Address on Temperance; The Life of Oliver Goldsmith.

Monthly Commentary.—Philadelphia; Seventh Annual Report of the American Lyceum. This day published by Geo. Dearborn & Co. 38 Gold-st.

New York, June 1, 1837. [J3]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

[mh 18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A22]

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 333 Brosdway, corner of Anthony Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most equinomical for time and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundreds of persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasium.

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishment in Greene-st. a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual

N.B. The junior class for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 4 to 5 o'clock.

RODOLPH.

THE THOROUGH-BRED STALLION AND INVINCIBLE RACE-HORSE, RODOLPH.—Having recently purchased of Robt. L. Shelly and others, the entire interest in this celebrated Horse at $20,000, and having no race on hand, except that with *Kathleen* and *Linnet*, for $20,000 a-side, which will not come off before next spring, I have determined to allow him to serve thirty mares, besides my own, the present season. As Rodolph will be positively limited to the above number, persons who wish to have his produce can secure the season of their mares, by writing either to me at Vicksburg, or to Robert Wooding, at Natchez. Two hundred dollars will be charged for each season, and pasture and grain can be obtained at the expense of the owners of the mares either at the Pharsalia Race Track, or at the Eclipse Hotel. I intend keeping him as low in flesh as I can, to keep up his life and vigor for the service of one, and never more than two mares each day, which will make him more sure, and his produce better than if his number was unlimited.

PEDIGREE, &c.

Rodolph will be 6 years old next Spring, is a rich, beautiful bay, 15 hands 2½ inches high, with uncommon strength and muscle, was got by Sir Archy (of Transport), dam by Moses, grandam by Cook's Whip, g. grandam by Craig's Alfred, who was by Imp. Medley, Cook's Whip by Imp. Whip, Sir Archy (of Transport) by old Sir Archy, out of Transport by Virginius; Old Sir Archy by Imp. Diomed, out of Imp. Castianira; Virginius by Imp. Diomed, out of Rhea by Chatham—Harris' Eclipse—Imp. Shark—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Valiant, &c. See English and American Stud Book.

PERFORMANCES OF RODOLPH.

He is yet young and not withdrawn from the turf—has run only 7 races, and won them all without ever being put to his speed on any part of the ground!! He lost the first heat he ever run in public, in consequence of the inexperience of his rider, as proven by his winning the second and third heats, and the race in quicker time than his competitor won the first heat.

Spring, 1834.—Rodolph, at three years old, won the stallion stakes at Lexington, Two mile heats, and at Louisville two weeks afterwards—won the 3 mile purse, in 2 heats, running the 2d heat in 5:49; then travelled up the river in a boat, to Newport, in which he was lamed, but notwithstanding, won the 3 mile purse at a single heat.

Fall, 1834.—Lamed in training, and did not start in any race.

Spring, 1835.—Rodolph, at 4 years old, over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, won the Three mile heats; 1st heat, 5:54—2d, 5:48, which is the quickest heat ever run by any horse west of the mountains.

Fall, 1835.—At Louisville, Rodolph won the Four mile purse without an effort, in 2 heats, although he was pronounced by all the trainers too fat for a Two mile race. At Lexington he won the Four mile Purse at one heat, nothing running with him the 2d heat.

Fall, 1836.—He ran a match race against Angora, the favorite and chosen champion of that gallant State, (Tennessee), Four mile heats, for $5000 a-side. He distanced, with great ease, his competitor, the 1st heat, amidst the acclamations of admiring thousands. From Louisville he was taken to Lexington, where his then owner (Mr. Burbridge) intended running him on the Four mile day of the Fall races. He, however, with characteristic generosity, declined entering him, when he was advised by the Jockey Club that no entries would be made against him, and consequently no sport had.

Rodolph is a race horse of the highest order. Every gentleman who has witnessed his performances will testify to the great ease with which he has always passed his fleetest competitors, whenever he has been required to do it. His owners have never yet been guilty of running Rodolph any faster than is necessary to win, nor do I ever intend running him faster than necessary *barely* to win, unless I know when I am starting him in his last race. If any gentleman thinks he has ever seen Rodolph at his speed, he will be very much astonished if he lives to see Rodolph meet his equal, both in condition for a race. I never expect to see him beaten by any horse in equal condition, nor do I believe the horse lives that can beat him Four mile heats. OSMUN CLAIBORNE.

Vicksburg, March 25, 1837. [A22]

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33—was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam—beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably fine action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will, in handbills, extend his pedigree; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837. E. H. BOARDMAN.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz.: $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure [F4] E. H. B.

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 14 1836.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.]

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

BAREFOOT.

THIS justly celebrated imported horse, one of the few now in America that ever won the Great Doncaster St. Leger, and a proved getter of winners in America, has recently been purchased by the undersigned at a high figure, and will stand for mares the ensuing season near the Oakland Race Course, Louisville, Kentucky, at the moderate price of $75 for the season, and $1 to the groom. The money to be paid, with the expense of keeping the mares, when they are taken away, or on or before the 15th of July next, when the season will end.

On the English Turf Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day, he was not only the best in the North, but entitled to rank as the best colt of his year at Newmarket, he having there offered to run the noted Emilius for 2000 guineas, who declined the challenge; and he ran on, when six years old, all distances, as will be seen by a examination of his performances as here noted.

That which, in addition to unrivalled performances and pure and fashionable pedigree gives value to a stallion, Barefoot claims. He has proved himself not only a sure foal-getter, but a *getter of winners*, in this country! Where is the imported horse now in America or west of the Alleghany, with the exception of Leviathan, of whom this can be said.

He is the sire of Clara Howard, the fleetest of the fleet, and game, over the course of four 4 miles, with high Union Course weights. Also of Admiral, Ajax, Tramp, and the colt out of Agnes, all winners of important races, matches or sweepstakes, in quick time, and of several other good ones.

By reference to the advertisement now or heretofore published in the Spirit of the Times, under the head of "Union Course, Long Island," of Matches and Sweepstakes to come off, it will be seen that many of Barefoot's get are heavily engaged in both matches and sweepstakes of importance. For one colt dropped last Spring, own brother to Clara Howard, $1500 was refused, when only five months old, and several others, now yearlings, could not be purchased, for less than $1,000 or $1500 each.

History and Description.—Barefoot is a chesnut, with a star and small stripe down the face, but without white feet or other white marks; standing upon short legs, and of great substance, as his dimensions hereafter given show. He was bred by Gilbert Compton, Esq., near York, and foaled in 1820—was sold at an early age to Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, in Yorkshire, who brought him forward on the turf, and after winning the Great St. Leger in 1823, was sold by Mr. Watt for 3,000 guineas, to the Earl of Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland), who, in 1827 or 1828 disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, who sent him to America for the benefit of his native country at large, after having beaten nearly all the best runners in England, and he was landed at New York from the ship Napoleon, Capt. Smith, May 25th, 1828. C. R. Colden, Esq., of New York, better known in the Sporting world as "an old Turfman," took the admeasurement of his different points on the day he was landed, which were then as follows:—Height, 5 feet 2½ inches—girth, 5 feet 9 inches—arm, in circumference, 1 foot 9 inches—length from the breast, or anterior point of the shoulders, to the extreme point of the hip, 4 feet 11 inches—circumference of the fore leg below the knee, 8 inches—back or sway, from the posterior termination of the scapula, or shoulder blade, to the coupling, 1 foot 5½ inches.

His Pedigree cannot be surpassed—he was got by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Rosebury, sister to Huby, by Phenomenon; her dam Miss West, by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare; her dam Flaxinella, by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare, her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was got by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Omnium; her dam Cloudy, by Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.

On the English Turf, Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to 1826, inclusive.

PERFORMANCES.

At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September, 1822, (then only two years old), he won a sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Bordeaux and 4 others very easy. Barefoot, at the Spring meeting at York, May, 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, one mile and three quarters, 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3:15, or 1:51 per mile.

1823—At the August meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) one mile and a quarter. Time, 2:22, or 1:52 per mile, beating Richardson's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subs., 1¼ miles 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Palatine. Won very easy.

Doncaster Meeting, Sept. 1823—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 26 guineas each, for three year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.); fillies 8st. (112lbs.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr Riddle's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens; Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Bunter's br. c. by Orville, out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, and Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker (afterwards known as the celebrated *Lottery*) was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3:22. *The Start*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3:23½. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course, in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3:23, yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of a quarter of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start, Barefoot, although shut out, that is, hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance; he proved himself, by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3:23, and repeating it in 3:23½.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and Barefoot, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleaveland) for 3000 guineas—was carried by him to Newmarket, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated horse Emilius (the recent winner of all the great stakes, and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others), for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, £50, distance, 1 mile, 1 quarter, and 24 yards, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Tresselian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partisan colt. Won easy. Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lbs. (147lbs.)—Time, 8:18, and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subs. St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lbs. (119lbs.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.)—thus giving Lottery, of the same age, 4lb., and whom he next year beat at even weights. The time of running 3:30. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lbs., (120lbs.), time not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight), Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lbs. (109lbs.) an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lbs.; an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with a sweepstakes added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lbs. (121lbs.) agst. The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lbs. (94lbs.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lbs.), beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lbs. (116lbs.), and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lbs. (110lbs.); a good race; 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.), 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lbs., and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lbs. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

Barefoot is remarkably beautiful, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper.

Of his having proved a good and sure foal-getter we are enabled to give the following testimonial, under the hand of a very eminent breeder, and one of great and long experience.

New York, Jan. 23, 1837.

I hereby certify that the imported horse Barefoot has stood under my directions at West Farms, in West Chester County, New York, and at the Union Course, L. I., two seasons, and has proved himself a sure and good foal-getter. I consider him the best stallion introduced to the State of New York, since the importation of Messenger in 1791, he having got more runners in proportion to the number of thoroughbred mares which he has covered, than any other stallion which has come under my observation. James Bathgate.

With the foregoing full and correct documents, I now offer the services of this valuable horse to the breeders of Kentucky and Western States generally, and respectfully request them to call and view him, and solicit their patronage.

Louisville, Kentucky, February, 1837. [mh 11.] LEWIS SHERLEY.

ROWTON.

THIS beautiful Stallion and celebrated Racer will make his second season in America, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Gerow, at W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and one dollar to the groom: the money to be paid in advance, or before the mares are taken away.

The season will commence on the first of February, and end the first of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Rowton is a good chesnut without white, fifteen and a half hands high, of great bone and muscle. He is a horse of the finest limbs, and most exact proportions, and after the exportation of Amphion, was considered the most beautiful stallion in England. His stock are thought very promising, and are selling as high as the get of any stallion in the kingdom. By a reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Rowton's pedigree and performances may be seen, as also the very high estimation in which he is held both in England and America.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 2, 1837. [J28-9t]

ANDREW.

HAVING purchased an interest in the celebrated Stallion and Race Horse, ANDREW, he will make his season this Spring at Newmarket, within one mile of Petersburg, and will be at his stand ready to serve mares by the 15th March. Terms and particulars in a few days.

Petersburg, Feb. 22, 1837. [mh4] O. P. HARE.

SHARK.

THE celebrated race horse *Shark*, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy—Old Black Maria, by Imp. Shark, etc. etc., will stand again at my stable, near Taylor's Ferry, on the Roanoke, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75 the season. A class of five mares at $60 each. It is unnecessary to say more, as *Shark* is so well known to the breeders of the race horse.

Boydton, Va., Jan. 7, 1837. [J21-t1m] JOHN C. OGODE

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga.	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
GREENSBURGH, Ky.	Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" "	Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats, *Waxetta* vs. s. c. by Waxy, 11th Oct.
MONTREAL, L. C.	Turf Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Sept.
NATCHEZ, Miss.	Match, 2 m.h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
NASHVILLE, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEW YORK CITY.	Union Course, L. I., Match, $5000 a-side, Two mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, to come off during the Second Fall meeting.
NEW ORLEANS, La.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.	Camden Course, N. J.—Match, Four mile heats, $10,000 a-side, $3000 ft., *Charlotte Russe* vs. *Lady Cliffden*, during the ensuing Fall meeting.
RUSSELLVILLE, Ky.	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
THREE RIVERS, L. C.	Annual meeting, 2d Thursday, 10th Aug. King's Plate to be run for.
VICKSBURG, Miss.	Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, will make his next season at Newmarket, Va., one mile from Petersburg. Terms in a few days. [m4

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. at $75, and $1 to the groom. Address Lewis Sherley & Co. [m4

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, d. Gr. Duchess, out of Imp Duchess by Gracchus—at J. Elliott's stable, 2 m. w. of Schuylkill Permanent bridge—$40 for thoroughbred—$20 for cold blooded m's.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va., the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $40. [F4] C. F. M. NOLAND.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik, will stand at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., at $40—$60—$1 to the groom. [m11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J. 21

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, will stand at the stable of Glascock & Lacy, at the Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., at $100 the season. [m4

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Old Honesty, by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $40 to insure [A8.

RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, will stand at the stable of Col. Osmun Claiborne, at Natchez, Miss. He is limited to 30 mares. [m25.]

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand at Col. John CROWELL's stable, at Fort Mitchell, Ala., at $50 the season and $75 to insure. [m4

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TALMA, by Sidney, dam Sportsmistress, will stand at Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, at $25 the season, at the stable of THOS. PEARSALL.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond, will stand at the stable of the late Bela Badger, Bristol, Bucks Co., 19 miles fm. Phila. at $50—$75. [m11

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. TUNSTALL.

WATERLOO, by Eclipse, out of Miss Waterloo, by Hickory, will stand at New Liberty, Owen Co., Ky., at $25; a class of 5 mares at $100. [F18.

ZOHRAB, b. h. by Imp. Arab. Bagdad, dam by Imp. Boaster—owner, F. H. DAVIS, Esq.—will stand at Plaquemine, La., at $20. [m11

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for* $3.

NORFOLK (Va.) SPRING RACES.

Mr. P.—The races over the Norfolk and Portsmouth Jockey Club Course commenced on Tuesday last, 6th June, and ended this day. The track was in superb order, and we had fine running, but the weather for the two first days was "*warm to kill.*" Annexed you have an account of each day's race—which is authentic.

Yours, &c. F.

TUESDAY, June 6, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; 5 subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Capt. David H. Branch's b. f. *Jane Rowlett*, by Nullifier, out of Jemima, by Rattler	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Liberality*, by Maryland Eclipse	2	2
Wm. N. Whiting's ch. c. ——, by Imp Luzborough	3	dis

Time, 1:55—1:50.

The filly ran like a deer, and won the race cleverly, and "*easy enough.*"

WEDNESDAY, June 7.—Proprietors Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, out of Lady Amelia, by Imp. Magic, 4 yrs	2	1	1
Edw. J. Wilson's s. m. *Eliza Ann*, by Jackson, out of a John Richards mare, 5 yrs.	1	2	2
Col. Jas. M. Selden's ch. c. *John of Hampton*, by Sussex, dam by Oscar, [4?] yrs.	3	3	3

Time, 3:53—3:52—3:52.

A pretty race. Although the mare won the first heat, it was but nuts for the Magic Charley, who need not to have lost a heat—I reckon.

THURSDAY, June 8.—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 5 yrs	1	1
H. Maclin's ch. h. *Philip*, by Janus, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs	3	2
Col. J. M. Selden's b. m. *Miss Phillips*, by Sussex, dam Brunette, 4 yrs	2	3

Time, 5:49—5:48.

This race was well contested. Miss Phillips ran beautifully and close upon Cippus in both heats, but the gentleman in black was in tip top order, and the bit of horse flesh could not have easily been found that could have given him the "go by" on this day.

Miss Phillips led the Eunuch's companion until the last quarter of the last mile, when *letting down*, the baptising gentleman ungallantly passed her, and so came in second. Cippus is every inch a race horse, and no mistake!

FRIDAY, June 9.—Proprietor's Purse $100, free for all, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, pedigree above	1	1	1
Edw. J. Wilson's s m. *Eliza Ann* " "	2	2	2

Time, 1:57—1:56—1:56.

Won easily by the colt, and during a N. E. storm. NORFOLK, June 9, 1837.

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.) SPRING RACES,

Over the *Spring Hill Course*, commenced on the 1st of June; the courtesy of Mr. FARRIS, the gentlemanly proprietor, enables us to lay an early report before our readers. The Spring Hill track is *twenty yards over a mile.*

THURSDAY, June 1, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twelve subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Robert Mosby's b. f. *Susan Allen*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whip	1	1
Wm. Farris's s. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John	2	2
S. Davenport's b. c. *Alexander Campbell*, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko	3	3
Wyatt Huffman's b. f. *Ringlet*, by Columbus, dam by Kennedy's Diomed	4	4
Joel Emry's b. c. *McDonald*, by Trumpator, dam by Sir Archie	dis	
A. Walden's s. f. *Kitten*, by Whip, dam Whip	dis	

Time, 2:10—2:10. Track 20 yards over a mile, and very muddy.

FRIDAY, June 2.—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs., m.'s and g.'s allowed 3 lbs. Five subs. at $25 each. Mile heats.

S. Davenport's b. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, dam by William, 3 yrs	3	1	1
Jas. Dunn's b. c. *Collier, Jr.*, by Collier, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	2	2	2
Wyatt Huffman's b. f. *Roxana*, by Columbus, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	4	4	3
Thos. M. Kennedy's s. h. *Harvey Toncray*, by Kosciusko, dam not given, 5 yrs	1	3	dis
S. H. West's s. c. *Contract, Jr.*, by Contract, dam by Escape 3 yrs	dis		

Time, 2:03—2:04—2:06. Track some improved.

SATURDAY, June 3.—Citizens' Purse, Plate, and Entrance, worth $275, free for all ages, same weights as yesterday. Two mile heats.

Wyatt Huffman's b. h. *Jasper*, by Columbus, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs	7	3	1	1
T. M. Kennedy's b. g. *Lewis Justin*, by White's Timoleon, d. by Diomed, 5 y.	1	2	3	2
Mason Thompson's b. m. *Eliza Bailey*, by Columbus, dam by Stockholder, 5 y.	6	1	2	3
H. W. Farris's s. f. by Frank, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	3	dr		
S. Davenport's b. c. *Don Juan*, by Waxy, dam by Georgian, 3 yrs	2	dis		
John Walden, Jr.'s, gr. c. *Diam*, by Reynold's Florizel, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.	4	dr		
John Shackleford's b. h. *Troublesome*, by Boner's William, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	5	dis		

Time, 4:06—4:01—4:06—4:15.

Major MOSBY sold his 3 year old filly, *Susan Allen*, to THOS. M. KENNEDY, Esq., for $1000, immediately after the race.

Please give the above a place in your paper, and oblige a subscriber to the Spirit of the Times. HENRY W. FARRIS, *Proprietor.*

VICKSBURG (Miss.) SPRING RACES.

An esteemed friend and correspondent at Vicksburg has sent us the annexed report of their Spring races. The following gentlemen embrace the

Officers of the Club for 1837.—WM. R. CAMPBELL, Esq. (the President), and Dr. GEORGE SMITH, *Judges*; T. W. JACKSON, R. P. SHELBY, and LOUIS RICHARDSON, Esqrs. *Timers*; A. B. READING, J. W. LYONS, and J. W. THATCHER, Esqrs. *Stewards*; THOS. F. WALKER, Esq. *Secretary.*

☞ The track is *thirty feet* over a mile. The weights carried are the Virginia scale, viz.: for 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs., mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.

TUESDAY, May 16, 1837.—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old. Three subs. at $1000 each, h. ft. Four mile heats.

P. W. Ward's ch. c. *Sutin Safada*, pedigree lost	1
F. Pinckard's ch. c. *Henry Martin*, by Industry, being lame, was	dis.
Dr. Puckett's ch. c. by Sir Charles	pd ft

Time, 8:16. Won hard in hand. Track 30 feet over a mile.

WEDNESDAY, May 17.—Purse $300, free for all ages. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Shepard, by Sir Archie, 3 yrs	1	1
R. P. Atkinson's ch. c. *Specie*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:57—2:03.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $500, free for all ages. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet, 5 yrs	1	1
Walter Strother's ch. m. *Lucy Benton*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:03—4:11. 1st mile in 1st heat, 1:55—1st mile of 2d heat in 1:56.

THURSDAY, May 18.—Purse $700, free for all ages. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. *Naked Truth*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Ellen Mar, by Pacolet, 5 yrs	1	1
Col. Osmun Claiborne's b. h. *Jim Polk*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 5 yrs.	2	2
Col. Robert Smith's gr. h. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Imp. Sir Harry, 5 yrs	3	dis

Time, 6:01—6:11.

FRIDAY, May 19.—Purse $1000, free for all ages. Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, out of Marcella, by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs	1	1
P. W. Ward's ch. c. *Sutin Safada*, pedigree unknown, 3 yrs	2	dr

Time, 8:35.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $50 each, carrying catch weights. Mile heats.

Col. Robt. Smith's b. f. *Purity*, by Goode's Arab, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	3	1	1
Col. Osmun Claiborne's gr. g. *Martin*, by Sir Richard, dam by Bellair, 4 yrs	1	2	dr
Wm. R. Campbell's bl. m. *Rachel Jackson*, by Mercury, dam not given, 5 yrs	2	dis	

Time, 1:56—1:52—2:04.

SAME DAY—*Third Race.*—Sweepstakes, free for all ages, carrying catch weights. One mile out.

John R. Head's ch. g. *Pelham*, by Crusader, dam not given, aged	1
Mr. Nicol's ch. g. ——, pedigree not given	2
P. W. Ward's (Col. Smith's) gr. h. *Daniel O'Connell*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	3
W. M. Pinckard's gr. c. *Blinkey*, by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	4

Time, 1:52.

This was the best contested race of the week. Pelham went *without a rider*, and ran better alone than any jockey could possibly have directed him. When he came out he went to that part of the track where the horses are usually taken up and clothed, and then turned around of his own accord, and walked up to the Judges' Stand, where he stood still until led off by his trainer. Pelham, now, we believe, nine years old, has been a "dark" horse since his match in 1835 with *Hard Heart*. We do not recollect of his having shown on the turf since that match, which was for $5000, and excited a great sensation at the time.

SATURDAY, May 20.—Purse, the entrance money of the preceding days, (10 per cent on the amount of the purses) with $20 added, free for all ages. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch m. *Angora*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	1	1	1
Mr. Kimball's b. f. *Virginia*, pedigree omitted	4	2	dr
Dr. W. Stone's ch. h. *La Dove*, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs	2	dis	
W. M. Pinckard's f. *Eudora*, pedigree omitted, 4 yrs	3	dis	

Time, 1:56—1:53.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $300, free for all ages, Mile heats.

Col. Robt. Smith's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, blood unknown, aged	1	1
Col. Osmun Claiborne's ch. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:49—1:52. Track 30 feet over a mile.

SAME DAY—*Third Race.*—Purse $100, given by Col. A. L. BINGAMAN, with $20 added; free for all ages. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Robt. Smith's b. f. *Purity*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1	1
F. Pinckard's b. m. *Fanny Kemble*, by Bertrand, dam by Chamber's Palifox, 5 yrs	2	2	2
John R. Head's ch. g. *English Dick*, pedigree omitted	3	dr	

Time, 1:55—1:57—1:57.

Our correspondent writes that Mr. PINCKARD is entitled to great praise for the handsome style in which he has fitted up this course. Twelve months since it was a dense forest of heavy timber, but through the spirit and enterprise of the proprietor, it is now one of the most beautiful and convenient courses in the Union. It is situated immediately on the bank of the Mississippi, having an elegant Club house, the piazza of which commands a fine view of the course, the river, members' stand, booths, stables, and every "other appurtenance thereunto belonging," for the convenience of gentlemen, trainers, and horses.

CANADIAN SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

It will be seen by a notice in our advertising columns, that the races, at Three-Rivers, will this year take place on the 10th and 11th August, and His Excellency the Governor in Chief, has decided that His Majesty's Plate of Fifty Guineas shall be contended for upon that Course. This plate was given upon the application of the gentlemen of Three-Rivers, but by the terms of the donation, it was to be run for in Canada, upon such Course as the Governor, for the time being, shall be pleased to appoint; His Lordship in continuing it at Three-Rivers has, we think, made a judicious choice. Putting all other considerations out of the question, the Course at Three Rivers is not only the best, but the most central in the Province. It is equidistant from Quebec and Montreal, and is nearer that portion of the province, the Eastern Townships, which will shortly become the breeding district for horses in Lower Canada, than either of those cities. The trustees of the Course, it will be observed, have changed the period for holding the meeting from the latter end of July to the early part of August. This has been done to accommodate the sporting men in the different Regiments serving in this command. The former time, viz., the 28th July, interfering with the Regimental muster, which takes place on the last day of each month, rendered it inconvenient, and in some cases impossible for military gentlemen on that account to be absent from their corps. We understand that the races will be well supported this year. Further particulars of the Plate, Stakes, &c., will be communicated at an early day. Quebec Mercury, 8th June.

The Montreal Gazette of the 10th inst., among other items of original sporting intelligence, has the one annexed:—

The Niagara races will take place this year on the 13th, 14th and 15th inst., when the following purses will be run for.—The Lincoln purse of fifty guineas, the Colts' purse of twenty dollars, the Niagara purse of one hundred dollars—the Farmers' purse of twenty dollars; the Innkeepers' purse of fifty dollars; and the Stewards' purse, for a trotting race, of fifty dollars.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the last Saturday in July next I will sell at my Farm, St. Leger, in Chesterfield County, 15 miles from Richmond, and 25 from Petersburg, *all* my Blooded Stock, consisting of BROOD MARES, COLTS, and FILLIES, of all ages; together with the whole stable of horses trained by me this Spring—a list of which will be furnished hereafter.

Black Heath, June 9, 1837. [J17] JOHN HETH.

BEPPO.

THE celebrated fast trotting horse Beppo for sale.—The owner of this beautiful fast trotting horse being about to leave the United States for Europe, and having relinquished the idea of taking the horse with him, wishes to dispose of him. The horse is 7 years old this Spring, of a beautiful, rich chesnut sorrel color, of fine action, and perfectly sound, and without blemish, and perfectly kind in harness and under the saddle. As the horse is so well known, a further description of him or his time is useless. If not disposed of on or before Monday, 19th June, at private sale, he will on that day be offered at auction, at New York Tattersalls. For a view of the horse, or further particulars, apply to

[J17-1t] JOHN W. WATSON, N. Y. Tattersalls, 446 Broadway.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile, Ala., June 1, 1837.

DOUBLE DAHLIAS.

THE subscriber has now ready for delivery, several thousand Dahlias, in pots, which are in prime season for transplanting into the garden. The prices this year are in conformity to the times, and the quality unequalled in this country. The extended patronage with which the subscriber has been favored for the last three years, has authorized him to add to his collection, the most expensive in Europe, which are now sold lower than in many of the London catalogues. A very beautiful named assortment of one dozen will be furnished at $5, several of which are $1 each by the single one—an extra fine dozen for $10—and to those who wish such as Dodd's Mary, Elphinstone's Conqueror of Europe, Elphinstone's King of Beauties, Purple Perfection, Mrs. Broadwood, Dodd's Mary Queen of Scott's, Sir Henry Fletcher, Duchess of Sutherland, Widnall's Exemplar, Widnall's Juliet, Gem, or Royal Adelaide, Fisherton's Rival, Golden Sovereign, &c., will be liberally dealt with. The roots of these sorts cost from 2 to 5 guineas each, and which will be furnished at from $2 to $5 each, as the selection may be made, (descriptions in catalogue), and thrifty plants.

Those who wish to emulate at the Dahlia Shows this season, would do well to procure themselves a few of these very rare and splendid sorts—all which will be warranted correct, and will flower this season—can be securely packed and forwarded to any part of the country.

GEORGE C. THORBURN, 11 John-street.

☞ Dahlia Poles, 5 to 8 feet, green painted, price 37½ cents. [J17-3t.]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Fushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

A CARD.

MESSRS. SCOTT & THORNE, proprietor of the new Cincinnati, Vicksburg, and other Western and Southern Theatres, are making arrangements for the opening of the former establishment on the first of July next.

Communications addressed to Mr. Jas. Thorne, at his residence, No. 8 Bedford-street, near Bleecker, will be punctually attended to.

Mr. Thorne may be found at the City Hotel from 12 till 1 o'clock each day during his stay in New York. [J3]

HUNTING PARK, PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

THE following Sweepstakes and Purses are to come off over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia:

Tuesday, June 13th, at 12 o'clock—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, in Harness, free for all trotting horses, sub. $100, with $100 added; 3 or more to make a trot.

Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; free for all trotting horses.

Wednesday, June 14, at 12 o'clock—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, sub. $100 each, and $100 added; 3 or more to make a trot.

Same Day—Purse $100, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, free for all horses that never won a purse of that amount.

All entries to be made the day previous to the trot, at the Proprietor's house, enclosed according to regning rules.

A great number of horses are expected from New York and other places.

[J3-2t] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course. Two mile heats, to come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which changed the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in Jan. 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names Imp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kite.
4. Messrs. Townes & Smith names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $200 entrance, half forfeit.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names Imp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.	Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes.	G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell.	John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.

Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE FOR SALE.

THIS universally acknowledged fine horse is now for sale, and will be delivered on the 15th of July, when his season expires. Trustee is a short legged horse, of great power and fine form, and his late owner, Capt. Stockton, being determined to know whether he was a four mile horse, (having put all his fine mares to him,) gave him a trial last autumn, and although lame and in no condition, Trustee ran his four miles in eight minutes with his shoes on; thus proving himself to be a horse both of speed and bottom. Trustee covered a few mares last season besides his owner's, and his colts show great form, bone and blood. Trustee can be seen at the Union Course, Long Island.

April 22, 1837. [A29] W. LIVINGSTON.

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Cliffden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.

THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

P.S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 423.

[A15] T. E.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chesnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.

She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross, through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Stinted to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.

No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks), out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.

No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of one color, and in high racing form—fine size.

No. 4. *Orville*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.

Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. BEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.

Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.

Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.

Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates

Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.

☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.

☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house, lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837 [A1.]

Small and very fine bred White Terriers.

FOR SALE, a Dog and Slut, about six months old, very small and very handsome, supposed to be the handsomest and best bred ones in the United States. See last June number of the New York Sporting Magazine. Apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A29]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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